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Words and photos by Maury Englander Miss the hippie blowout in 1969? And now you missed the one in 2003? Not to worry. Maury Englander's feature story is just like being there, except you don't have to walk so far. Sit back, light up something psychedelic and read all about Bruce Bart's history-making tattoo venture.

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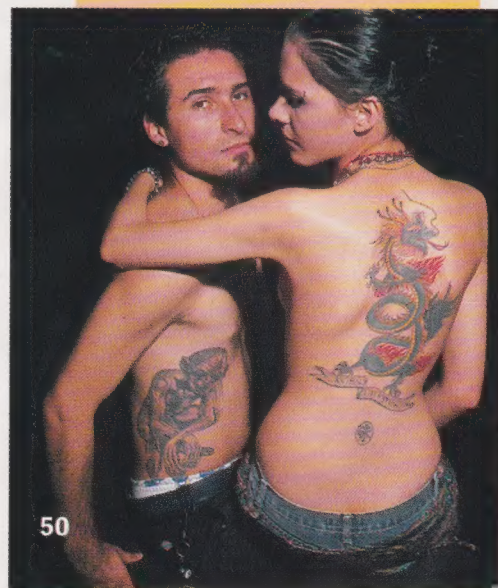
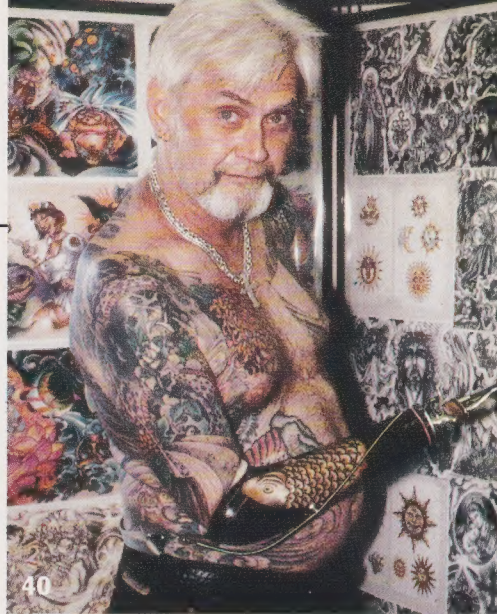
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"To hounds, to hounds," is the call. Down the butt-crack goes the wily fox!



COVER FLASH BY JESSE TUESDAY

EDITOR'S COMMENT

tHIS IS A DOUBLE-BARRELED issue. For one, May 2004 marks the seventh year since we changed format and emerged as what Henry Goldfield called, "The *National Geographic* of tattoo magazines." Over the years, we have featured most of the marquee names in the business, plus introducing a raft of newcomers that have since made a place for themselves alongside the legends of the industry. In 2002, we won a coveted "Eddie," the Editorial Excellence Award from *Folio Magazine*. What a thrill to receive plaudits from both the international tattoo community and the world of publishing.

To mark the current celebration (I am sipping champagne as I write this), I thought it fitting to duplicate a milestone event that happened in January of 2001. According to the bean counters, that was our very best-selling issue. Its genesis is rather interesting.

It seems that newsstand sales are pretty-girl motivated. Put a sexy babe on the cover and sales go up. Put some bubba with a tattooed battleship poking through a jungle of chest hair and sales plummet. Case in point, the beautiful painting by Sedona's Clark Davis on the cover of the September 1997 issue. A knockout by any standard. A bare-chested Iroquois Indian, war club in hand, emblazoned with authentic tattoos that Clark unearthed through years of digging through manuscripts in musty, old research libraries. I loved it. Readers didn't.

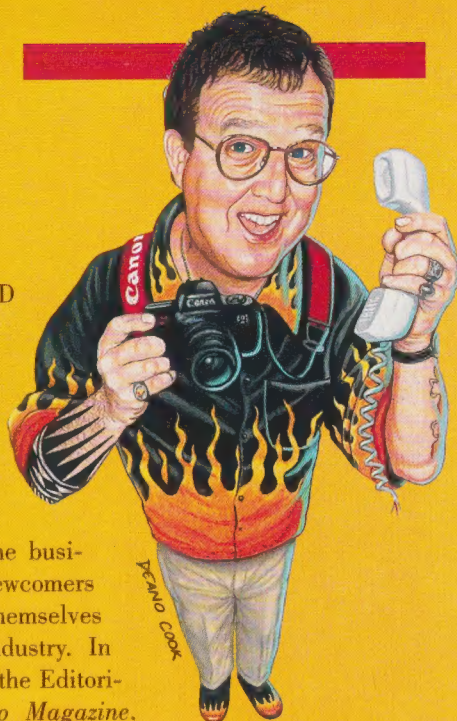
The word came down from the publisher (Larry Flynt at that time): "Illustrated covers don't sell. It's got to be a photograph."

Nonetheless, for a special January 2001 flash issue, we just happened to take along a cover featuring a black-and-white drawing of a *koi* fish. For each issue, there was a cover meeting with the company brass. For some reason, I can't explain it (there were two stunning mockups featuring gorgeous, young ladies sporting intricate ink work and, of course, the illustration of the fish), Flynt chose the *koi*.

The rest is history. The *koi* fish cover was our best seller ever and, to commemorate the fact, we deliver to you not only another illustrated cover, but inside is an enormous collection of flash from many of the greatest tattoo artists that have ever put pen to paper. Some were featured back in 2001. Just so you know, this isn't just some slapped-together pile of drawings we had sitting in a drawer. This is a invitation-only, world-class collection that fills both the *Readers' Gallery*, the center pull-out and a special 16-page outsert. Conservatively, several thousands of dollars of artwork.

Happy seventh anniversary to us. Happy anniversary present to you.

BOB BAXTER



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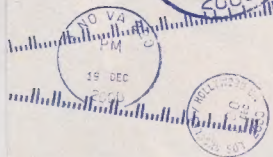
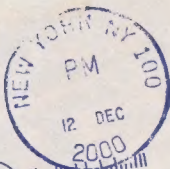
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LETTERS

DOGGY-STYLE FLASH

Maybe this watercolor I did with Dave Gibson will cheer you guys up a little.

—Uncle Tim Heitkotter
Studio 13 Tattoo
Salinas, California
studio13@redshift.com

MYSTERY ARTIST REVEALED

In November's issue (page 63) there's a full-page picture of our owner's wife, Lavanya Reed. Her husband, Colin Reed's name wasn't listed. Lavanya took home 11 trophies in Phoenix this year: 1st, 2nd and 3rd for small black and gray, 2nd and 3rd for large black and gray, 2nd for best hand-piece and 2nd best floral.

—Domain of Pain
Santa Fe, New Mexico
reed@domainofpainttattoo.com

Dear Domain of Pain:
You left out Miss Congeniality.

—Editor

IT'S A MIRACLE

I have recently discovered that Sailor Jerry faked his death in 1973. He moved to Richmond and opened a bar and shoe-repair shop. Amazingly, it's only about one block from where I had Lake-



A little bit of cheer from Uncle Tim and Dave Gibson.

side Tattoo in the early '80s. See all the flash I bought from him?

—Frank Mills
Richmond, Virginia

MAKING OUR DAY

January 2003, another great issue! I really enjoyed the backstage story, loved the history of



Sailor Jerry lives! (He's been hanging out with Elvis too.)

the samurai. The whole issue was great. I was so into it that I read the issue back to front as soon as I got it. I couldn't imagine if this mag were to disappear. This is my favorite to read by far. I am only a beginning collector of ink and realize this is a magazine for an artist, but it has educated me and continues to educate me on what is and should be a great tattoo, the sterile chain of events and great artists!

—Chad Volkers
mack_cmv@hotmail.com

JIM IN GERMANY

I am a fellow American and tat-

too artist. I am a long-time reader of your magazine. I've been a fan since the big makeover in 1997. Sorry to hear about your trouble with Mr. Flynt, but glad to see you weathered the storm. I've been receiving my subscription even over here in Deutschland, and that is always good news.

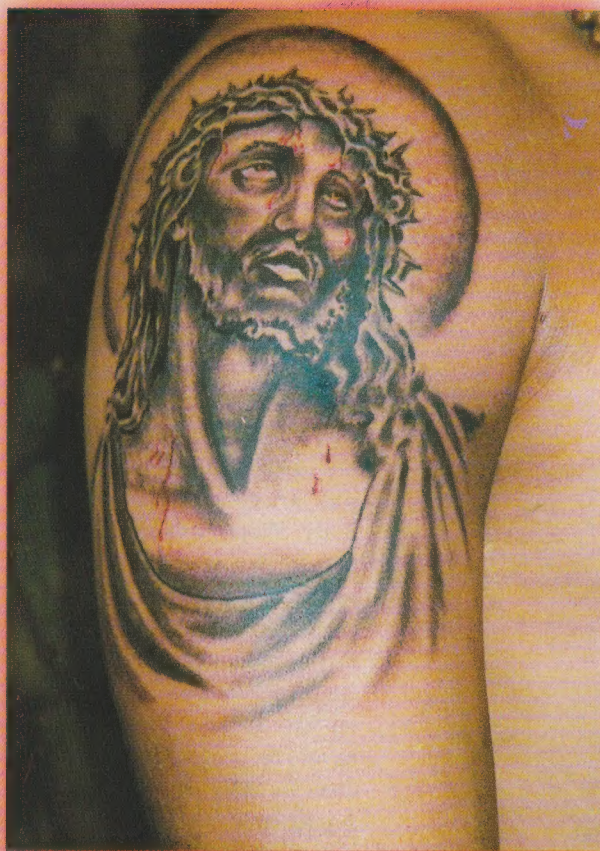
—Diamond Jim
Endless Pain tattoo
Hamburg, Germany
diamondjim@firemail.de

THANKS FROM A SLUT

Thank you so much for your wonderful article on me in your



Eva gives thanks.



Diamond Jim sends a sample from Deutschland.

November issue. I feel honored to have had a chance to work with the amazing visual artist Charles Gatewood, and having the article appear in SKIN&INK was wonderful.

—Miss Eva von Slut
www.deadgirl13.com

THE VOICE SPEAKS

On day I thought to myself, *How can I get into something tattoo-related?* I am no artist, nor am I a piercer. What's left? Be a vendor? Sell T-shirts? Nah. (Light bulb.) Hey, tattoo conventions need an announcer, so I contacted Orlando Rodriguez, owner of El Paso's renegade Tattoo and promoter of the Tattoo Jam. The event was only a few weeks away when Orlando told me he was willing to use me as the official emcee. Because of my perform-



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LETTERS

ance, in El Paso, I was asked to emcee the first-ever L.A. Body Art Expo in Pomona, a month later. Thanks to all who understand that the difference between a good show and a spectacular show is the voice talent.

—Rico Bomba
 ricobomba@msn.com

BIG BROTHER IN FLORIDA

My name is Rev. Fish. I am the sole artist at Whole Addiction Body Piercing and Tattoo in Coral Springs, Florida. We recently won a long fight with the city to get tattooing approved for this community. We are the only studio allowed, as the city council has decided that there will never be a stand-alone tattoo shop in their city. I know your magazine is interested in legalization of tattooing in areas that are trying to repress it. The city has put unreasonable demands on the shop, limiting the amount of space that can be used for tattooing and keeping us from putting any signage outside showing that we provide tattoos. It just says Body Piercing outside and business suffers from that. I know, of course, that the best advertisement is happy customers,

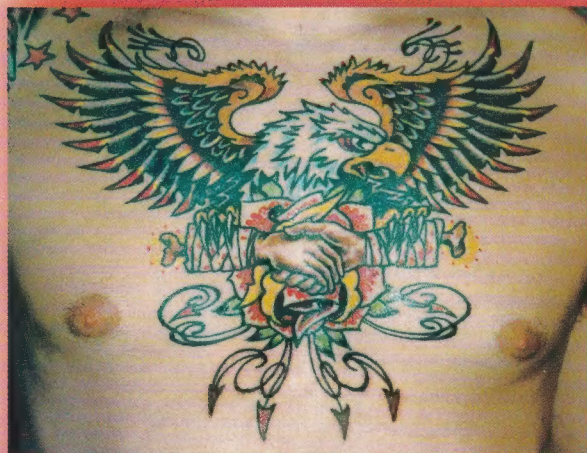


Rico Bomba and his lady show off their talents and their tattoos.

of which I have had many, but we have lost so much potential walk-

by business as well.

—Rev. Fish
 Whole Addiction Tattoo and
 Body Piercing
 Coral Springs, Florida
 fishink@wanderingtribes.com



Tom from Lucky 1 Tattoo in Antwerp, Belgium sends his regards.



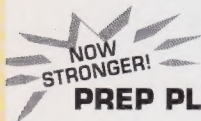
HELLO FROM ANTWERP

I want to thank you for earlier publication and wish you all the best and good luck in keeping up the high quality of SKIN&INK. Power to the posse!

—Tom
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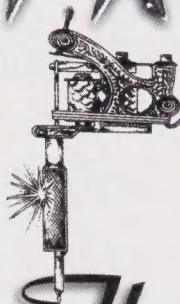
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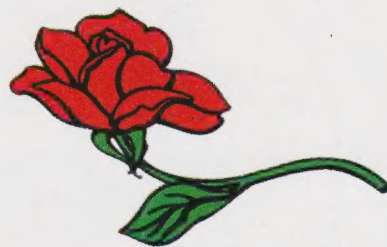
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(bits & snatches)

NEW MAG FOR TATTOO ARTISTS • WHAT TATTOOS MEAN • RILEY'S PLACE IN SILVERLAKE
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DANGEROUS TATTOOS • TENNESSEE DAVE • 10 QUESTIONS WITH MIKE McCABE • LETTERING 101



The artists, from left, Dave Warshaw, Fip Buchanan, Marty Conklin, Rob Benavides, Susan Kidder and Mike Stobbe.



Some pieces from the show; above, two by Rob Benavides; left, one of Fip Buchanan's contributions.

AVALON TATTOO II GROUP ART SHOW FINE ART BY THE SEA

FIP BUCHANAN'S AVALON TATTOO II RECENTLY presented a group art show at the Planet Rooth Gallery in San Diego, California. Over 1,500 people attended the opening reception, which coincided with the second anniversary of the Ray at Night Art Walk where local art enthusiasts support the work of local artists. Fip showcased a collection of acrylic portraits of blues guitarists along with traditional ink and pencil tattoo drawings. Mike Stobbe

provided a variety of hand-carved Tiki gods and watercolor paintings. Rob Benavides displayed his unique skills with watercolor as well as many other twisted creative ideas. Dave Warshaw unleashed his passions with bamboo paintings and intricate engravings on cymbals and metal. Marty Conklin, tattoo machine and chopper mechanic, showed off his first handmade tattoo machine and some watercolor paintings. Last but not least, Susan Kidder, tattoo appren-

bits & snatches

AVALON TATTOO II GROUP ART SHOW

tice and receptionist, provided bronze sculptures and giant acrylic paintings on canvas.

Avalon Tattoo was established by Fip and Patty Kelley in Pacific Beach back in 1989, and nearby Avalon Tattoo II on Adams Avenue in San Diego has been in business since 1997. Because of rave reviews, Avalon has been invited to return to the third Ray at Night in September of 2004. For more information, call the shop at (619) 280-1857 and check out Fip's work at www.fiptattoos.com. —Editor



Painting by Susan Kidder, above.



Painting by Mike Stobbe, above. Tattoo machine shadow box by Marty Conklin, below.



Mr. & Mrs. Dave and Mary Warshaw, above, with works by Dave and his lamp shade cymbal, right.





Two works by Fip Buchanan, above; painting by Marty Conklin, below.



NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE TATTOO ARTIST

artists desiring a publication that is highly specialized and industry-focused. Hey, we know how difficult it is to follow your heart and, of all things, turn out a magazine with all its pitfalls and problems. The first issue turned out nicely and Crash and his Art Director, Bert Smith, should be proud. Here's Crash's spin on the proceedings:

Tattoo Artist Magazine is a quarterly trade journal for the professional tattooer only. The idea is to offer the professional something of quality that will entertain, inspire and educate. We do four or five in-depth interviews per issue, showcasing some of the hottest talent around, plus we offer technical information, step-by-step art lessons, shop features, new flash, etc. TAM also comes with a completely interactive CD featuring video footage of our featured artists, gallery openings, skateboarding, or whatever. We also have an interactive forum on the website for subscribers, along with more goodies. Our goal is to utilize every possible media in our little project.

Every tattooer I have spoken to wants to be involved. This is no joke. Everyone has offered (for free) to write, photograph, distribute at conventions, provide us with original art, custom flash, whatever we need to help get the magazine going, including their time, talents and money to secure its success. Some of the contributors include Guy Aitchison, Aaron Cain, Grime, Mike Malone, Jason Shroder, Mike Dorsey, Tom Strom, Marcus Pacheco, and the list goes on and on.

Thanks again for all your support and encouragement.

—Crash, Editor in Chief

Tattoo Artist Magazine

www.tattooartistmagazine.com

LAST SUMMER, a talented new writer named Crash sent us a couple of story ideas. We published one about a skateboarding show in the September 2003 issue. It was clear that Crash (Christopher Midkiff) had the writing skills, and now we are doubly impressed by his latest brainchild, *Tattoo Artist Magazine*, a self-published, super-glossy, 80-page quarterly costing \$15 per issue (\$25 with the CD) appealing to an insider audience of tattoo



FACE OF THE DRAGON IN THE WEST, IT IS a greedy, fire-breathing, cave-dwelling, and fear-inspiring creature that jealously guards its hoard of gold. In the East, however, it symbolizes something far different. In fact, Occident and Orient couldn't be further apart than in their interpretation of one of the most powerful of all mythic creatures and tattoo designs, the dragon. Although they do not have wings, as in the West, Oriental dragons are equally at home in the air or in the water. In fact, the Chinese imperial dragon was the emblem of the emperor himself, symbolizing his power and authority to intercede between heaven and earth. Like the dragon, the ideal emperor embodied wisdom and strength, manipulating the very forces of the universe for the benefit of the people. Often times in Oriental designs, the dragon is seen wielding the pearl of wisdom, essentially the essence of the uni-

WHAT TATTOOS MEAN

BY TERISA GREEN, PH.D.
ILLUSTRATED BY GREG JAMES

verse, in order to control the winds, rains, and even the planets. As early as the Han dynasty (206 B.C.E.–C. E. 220) the phrase "dragon's pearl" referred to the perfect thoughts and commands of the emperor, while "dragon's face" was used to refer to the emperor's face. But the face of the Oriental dragon is not actually the face of one creature, but rather many. The eyes are those of a demon, while the ears are those of a cow. Although the neck is that of a snake, the dragon wears the horns of a stag. Finally, it has the overall head of a camel, but with a sort of lump on the

top, without which it could not fly. With saliva that was like perfume and a voice like the musical ringing of a copper basin, the Oriental dragon was the bearer of profound blessings. Like other Oriental tattoo designs, the choice of a dragon is sometimes an aspiration to these same qualities of great goodness, wisdom and power.

MEMORIAL TATTOOS IN MEMORY OF people and events have undoubtedly been part of the tattoo repertoire since before recorded time. But some of the earliest written records of American tattooing happen to be of memorial tattoos and specifically those that commemorate the military life, comrades and patriotism in general. As early as the Civil War, tattooists such as Martin Hildebrandt plied their trade among soldiers near battlefields, shifting from Union to Confederate



and back again, as business dictated. Culturally, there seems to have been a commemorative trend in the air, since it was also during the Civil War that the celebration of a holiday known initially as Decoration Day was instituted, when citizens placed flowers on the graves of those killed in battle. Today, that holiday is known as Memorial Day and has been broadened to include soldiers from every war. While demand for patriotic tattooing may have first flourished during the Civil War, its popularity has risen and fallen for every conflict since. In the early flash of tattooist C. H. Fellowes, enduring themes which have now become expected in patriotic and memorial tattoos were already in evidence. Fellowes illustrated specific battles such as the sinking of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, a blockade runner which had captured, burned or sank 68 ships in less than two years, but which was finally sunk by the Union's USS Kearsarge. In fact, both crew and officers of the Kearsarge had stars tattooed on their foreheads to celebrate the victory. In addition to specifics like these however, the broader motifs that are with us yet today had also emerged: scrolled lettering that informs us about the memorial, the national flag, patriotic bunting, stars, stripes and even the bald eagle. As the name implies, these are not just symbols of pride or nationalism (although they are that), they are also remembrances. Many times, even when an event is memorialized, it is really the human lives lost or saved that are at the core of the meaning of memorial tattoos. Because of their permanence and sense of personal commitment, tattoos seem the ideal medium for the type of ever-present reminder that those who are memorialized may be gone but they are not, and cannot, be forgotten. ●

Tattoo artist Greg James can be contacted at www.sunsetstriptattoo.com and author Terisa Green at www.tattoosymbol.com. Their book, *The Tattoo Encyclopedia: A Guide to Choosing Your Tattoo*, is available from Simon & Schuster and all the usual online bookstores.



JUST EAST OF HOLLYWOOD, THE community known as Silver Lake bustles with kitschy shops, laid back eateries and a creative, multi-cultural energy that inspires its inhabitants in wonderfully artistic ways. A perfect neighborhood for well-known L.A. tattoo artist Riley Baxter to set up shop. At a recent preview gathering, we got a chance to check out Temple House Tattoo,

own tattoo-related merchandise such as record covers, clothing, magnets, etc. In fact, a baby-clothes line called Wild Child contracted Riley to draw a series of sacred hearts and sparrows for tiny T-shirts and sweatshirts. Riley's wife, Marjoleine (Mayo), is saving them



Speaking of Mayo, Riley credits his wife with playing a pivotal role in designing and getting the place open. "This is a Mayo on Ry

production,' he told me. "We both worked really hard to put this place together. It's our ongoing creative project." ●

SILVERLAKE GRAND OPENING

BY LINA LECARO

his exotic new digs, done up Asian-style, with a serene rock and botanical garden hangout area in front, blood red walls inside and a lucky dragon painted on the door.

The night was filled with friends and fans of Riley's work, including Dottie M. from Tabu Tattoo, Eric Balir from Sunset Strip Tattoo, performance artist Ginger Goldmine, model Sabrina Garner (who showed off fresh work done in the shop that week), Micah Stepanian (a carpenter pal who hopes to build a Japanese-style garden in the back), Jude Albright (exec at Ata-Boy magnets), Velvet Hammer burlesque performers Michelle Carr and Hope Urban, DMS Tattoo Supply's Dennis Flores (manning the barbecue) and a handful of fellow artists and musicians.

The cozy studio should offer the perfect private oasis for Riley and his clients. It's nestled on the side of a hill overlooking Sunset Blvd., beckoning drivers and walkers-by with cheery Chinese lanterns. Although the place is adorned with some great flash and artwork for inspiration, this is no cookie-cutter, pick-it-off-the-wall kind of shop. Riley's known for collaborating with his customers to create unique, one of a kind illustrations.

"This isn't just a tattoo shop," says Riley. "It's a place where I can create, design and work on all of my ideas."

Tattooing since 1986, Riley has worked at Sunset Strip Tattoo, Body Electric and Tabu Tattoo. Now that he has his own shop, Riley is planning to host special guest artists when they're in town, such as brothers Jesse Tuesday and Noah Baxter. Plus, Riley's setting up a recording studio in the building's adjoining garage (his band U Robot's CD is the first project). He also plans to create his

for the day she and hubby bring another lil' Baxter into the world, though both seem so busy, it may not happen anytime soon.

Riley Baxter
Temple House Tattoo
3400 Sunset Boulevard
Silver Lake, California 90026
(323) 665-5435
By appointment only

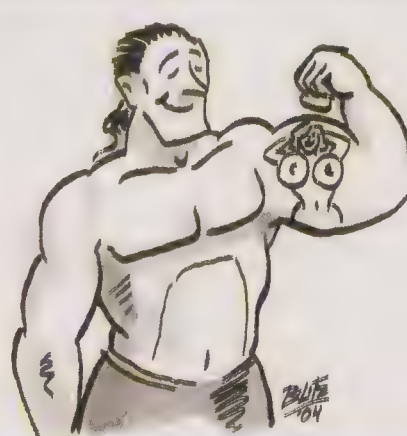
TATTOON

BY BRUCE LITZ

1



2



HOLDING A HEAVY, CUMBERSOME tool and repeating the same motions again and again, causes intense strain on wrist, fingers, thumb and palm. Tattooing, especially with poorly balanced equipment and posture, may lead to Carpal Tunnel Syndrome, Thoracic Outlet Syndrome or inflammation of the thumb musculature.

Carpal Tunnel Syndrome is the compression of the nerves and inflammation of the soft tissue leading into the hand. Classic Carpal Tunnel Syndrome is compression of the median nerve by the wrist. The condition can appear in both hands, even if the off hand is not actively used. This result is stinging pain and weakness in wrist, hand, and finger movement. Often the last two or the first three fingers are affected most severely. Thumb pain is often present. The symptoms are often more severe at night, during sleep, when the hand is not even in

not enough space. The median and/or ulnar nerve become pinched, surrounding tissue irritated and pain and weakness results.

Many years of rehabilitating carpal tunnel and other repetitive strain injuries have revealed that CTS is always preceded by Thoracic Outlet Syndrome, inflammation of the brachial plexus, a nerve bundle which is situated around the first rib near the cervical (neck) vertebrae. This is caused by an aberrant structural relationship between the neck and shoulder girdle. In other words, poor posture and carriage of the neck in relation to the shoulders creates restriction of the nerves feeding the arms from the spine. Generalized neck and shoulder pain is the main symptom of



overworked thumbs. Expect a two-week break in period to get used to the new size handle. It takes a while for your body and nervous system to adapt to the larger tool, and your tattooing may slow down for a while, but it's worth it. Spend a few weeks at each diameter, 1/2-inch, 3/4-inch, 1-inch, etc., and work your way up to 1 1/4-

inches. You can slowly add grip tape to your machine every couple of days, if you like. A few

CARPAL TUNNEL: A GUIDE TO THE PREVENTION OF HAND INJURY

BY JOHN C. ZEMBIEC

active use. Most people afflicted with carpal tunnel can trace a line of pain or numbness from the last two fingers of the injured hand through the wrist, along the pinky (ulnar) side of the forearm, through the tricep, to the armpit and into the neck.

The carpal tunnel is comprised of many small wrist bones, important ligaments and a great deal of supportive soft tissue known as fascia. CTS is caused when the musculature (namely the flexors of the wrist and fingers) below the elbow is overused to such an extent that surrounding soft tissue and bone must compensate for the demands of a given weight-bearing task by deteriorating from their ideal relative positions. Simply speaking, the small passage of the carpal tunnel becomes too small to allow healthy, unrestricted enervation of the nerves of the hand. It is like trying to inflate a two-man raft in a small coat closet. There is simply

TOS. TOS is often not recognized because it may be relatively painless or misdiagnosed. TOS is a bit trickier to correct on your own than CTS. For the time being, try to work in an extremely well-lit work space. Oddly enough, the best way to improve the carriage of your neck and head and overall posture is through better lighting. Add a lamp or two to your work area and you will be surprised how much less mental and physical fatigue you will experience at day's end.

WORKABLE SOLUTIONS

- First, begin using the largest (within reason) possible diameter grip on your tattoo machine that you can handle. A one full inch diameter is the absolute minimum, unless you have tiny hands. Larger diameter grips dramatically reduce strain on the musculature of the wrist and hands. This is especially noticeable in sore and

months getting used to a larger grip can be an important investment in your future! By the way, once you begin making small-diameter changes in your grips, larger jumps in diameter become easier. A larger grip actually requires less strength to control the machine and puts a lot less strain on the carpal tunnel complex. Simple physics reveals that a small movement generated from a larger base (grip) generates greater movement at the apex (needle point) with less effort. Consider working up to a 1 1/2-inch grip, if you can. If you have huge hands, even bigger is suggested. Remember, a slightly larger size handle than you are accustomed to is not all the adjustment you'll need to prevent CTS. For example, Leo Gonzalez and Daniel Sanchez, owners of 10 in 1 in Albuquerque, New Mexico, have made creative use of modified racquet balls, squash balls, hydraulic hose and putty to



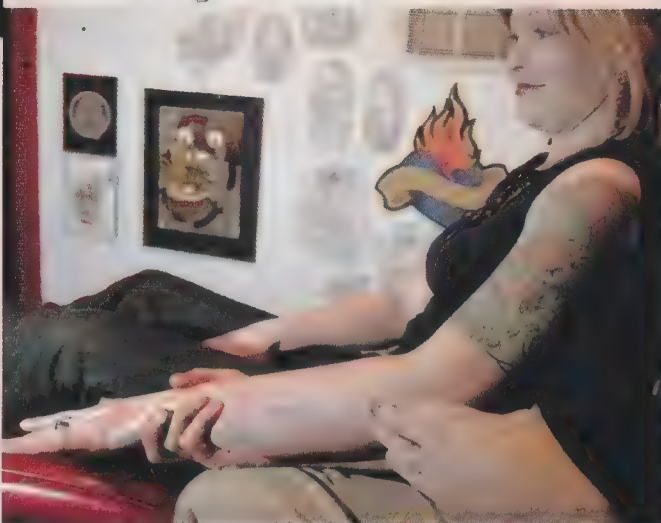
create larger, more ergonomically-sound grips and tubes. Both artists began noticing the symptoms of CTS about two years ago and now use large grips and handles, along with massage, exercise and nutritional support to abate and prevent CTS.

● Second, make sure the engine of your machine and the tube, grip, and needle assembly are relatively balanced. I discourage use of Delran and the other lightweight autoclaveable plastics that are becoming popular in tattoo machine manufacture. They simply don't provide enough counterbalance to the weight of the rest of the unit, forcing you to compensate with a stronger grip, thereby creating more strain on the carpal tunnel.

● Third, begin using a hand/wrist/finger-extension strengthening device such as the Cats Paw from Gibney International (800-CATSPA). You will love it! This exercise strengthens the antagonistic muscles of the hands and wrists used in tattooing. More importantly, repeated use actually creates space in the carpal tunnel, so the nerves of the hand can function without impingement. Many years of observation and practice show hand and wrist flexion (squeezing) exercises and equipment to be of negligible help in overcoming and preventing CTS. Most everybody has more than enough strength in their hand flexors. Even the various wrist-stretching exercises promoted by many physical therapists are of minimal value to someone with CTS. In fact, they sometimes cause harm. These various, so-called injury-preventing stretches are very useful in diagnosing and evaluating a client's condition of CTS, not making structural improvement. Some forearm flexion stretches are of value, but their



You owe it to yourself to take precautions against CTS. Use tools with the largest grips you can handle, use a hand/wrist/finger-extension strengthening device regularly, stretch often and take advantage of massage therapy.



necessary part of your life to keep healthy; the first is not. Also, drink plenty of water. You would be amazed how a few additional glasses of H₂O can improve your health, strength and mood. Any change in your diet, even additional water, should be cleared by your M.D. As with anything, consistent

place in preventing hand injury is limited.

● Fourth, recruit the services of a competent massage therapist to change the structural makeup of the hand and wrist. You'll feel better and be able to handle more tattooing work in the course of a week.

● Fifth, after consulting your physician, consider supplementing your diet with MSM, Vitamins C and B-6. These substances have a proven history of success with soft tissue damage. Chondroitin sulfate can also help, but it gets pricey. Do not, repeat, DO NOT use DMSO on carpal tunnel or any other soft tissue injury. There is well documented research on its use on race horses and greyhounds (specifically hip and paw/hof injury) showing its prolonged use leads to weakening and destruction of connective tissue. Anecdotal observations by Rolfers, osteopaths, chiropractors and massage therapists suggests the same. Keep in mind that cigarette smoking and recreational drug use wreak havoc on the nutritional integrity of human tissues. There is also evidence to suggest antibiotics and antidepressants weaken tissue as well. The latter may be a

use of exercise tools and supplements are what will make the difference.

THE PRICE TAG

Carpal tunnel surgery for a single hand averages \$8,000, not to mention at least six months of down time for retraining and recovery. Soft tissue damage of the hand, fingers, wrist and thumb is very common in the art of tattooing. Anyone who uses their hands for a living is a candidate for career-ending injury. If you have any physical challenges now, a few important changes in your methodology will reverse the inevitable path leading to surgery or worse. If you are a tattooist that doesn't have Carpal Tunnel Syndrome or its early symptoms, count your blessings. Most do. Most will. Again, a few small, consistent changes and practices can keep your hands and wrists healthy and extend your working life.

Happy tattooing, and best of health! ●

Note: For further information or assistance, contact John, a certified Rolfer and advanced Fasciatics® practitioner, at jzembiec@comcast.net or (505) 615-6420.

bits & snatches

**SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 2003,
8:24 A.M.**

THIS IS THE DAY WE START taking Rick Walter's belongings out of Bert Grimm's Tattoo at 22 Chestnut Place in Long Beach, California. Taking one last look over my shoulder, I entered the backroom to sort through the

two lockers that were Rick's. I began discarding the useless belongings from decades past. The old smell of 76 years of tattooing lingered in the air as I sorted through memorabilia for a couple of hours. I could smell the old Vaseline in the air and the feel of soot on everything. I thought of all the tattooers before me, who got their start here.

What a sad end to one of the premier shops in the world, now with its For Sale signs on the windows and the brown strips of wood that held the flash in place heaped on the floor. The walls ached with memories of the past.

Rick Walters had been at Bert Grimm's for over 23 years. No bands played, no gold tattoo machine was presented, just Rick and I standing in the middle of 76 years of history. Maybe this is the way things are meant to be, but it sure sucks.

The ghosts of the night still walk the Boardwalk of the Old Pike. You can still hear the laughter of the

Fat Lady standing in front of the Fun House, sailors with packs of Camels tucked into their sleeves, the smell of grilled onions, the shrieks and screams coming from the riders on the creaky old roller coaster—memories that will stay with me forever.

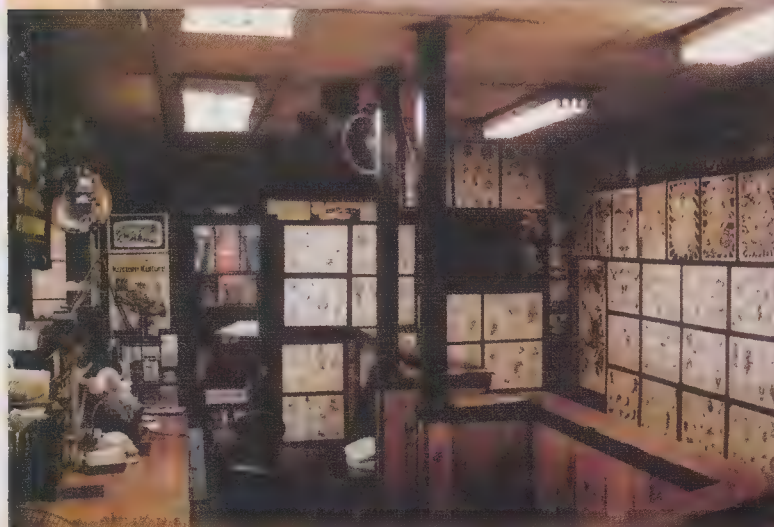
So many artists passed through the door: Bert Grimm, Lou the Jew, Don Noland. Phil Simms, Bob Roberts, Ed Hardy, Joe Vegas, Snickers, Dave Gibson, Neptune Rex, Dave O., Larry, Bobbie, Mr. Shaw and Colonel Todd. I often wonder if Bert ever realized what a legacy he created.

So, here we are in the lobby looking at the bare walls, remembering years past, As Rick put the keys on the counter and closed the door, the laughter of the past echoed no more.

10:37 a.m.

—Catfish Carl

REMEMBERING BERT GRIMM'S TATTOO EST. 1927



Bert Grimm's famous shop on the Old Pike in Long Beach, Rick Walters and Catfish Carl in front of the shop above, left. Dave Allen, Hunky, Catfish Carl and Rick Walters, from left above, in the 1980's.



UNTITLED JAPANESE CHARACTER MOTIFS FOR SURFACE, Skin & Spirit, this 144-page, 7"x9" paperback features over 130 kanji in the Way of the Warrior, the Way of the Heart, the Way of Nature, the Way of the Spirit and the Animals of the Zodiac categories. Each large kanji is meticulously described with highly informative references to pronunciation, line-by-line explanation and wonderful, current references that

BOOK NOTES

DESIGNING WITH KANJI

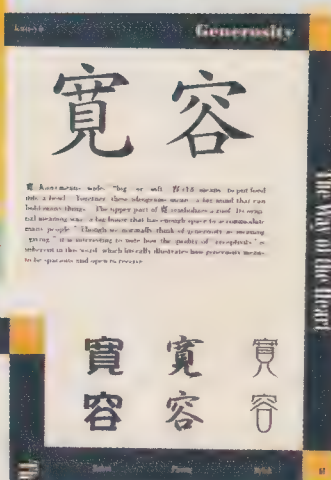
BY SHOGO OKETANI AND LEZA LOWITZ

STONE BRIDGE PRESS, SBP@STONEBRIDGE.COM

make this book both interesting and contemporary. There is a wonderful five-page explanation of the history and development of kanji which alone is worth the price of the book (\$14.95). It's clear that the definitions of these popular tattoo designs are way more accurate than grabbing them off the internet or referencing some out-of-date library book. What a wonderful find for both artists and collectors to browse and discover their next tattoo. Plus, each kanji is additionally presented in formal, modern, flowing and stylish forms for further experimentation and creativity.

This one gets a SKIN & INK A+.

—Editor



WARNING: YOUR TATTOO COULD BE USED AGAINST YOU

BY MAURY ENGLANDER

BACK IN BOSTON IN the early 1900s, a couple of thugs were arrested for raping a young girl. While there was apparently little doubt that the two were guilty as charged, they were released when it was learned that the victim had a butterfly tattooed on her leg.

As one account of the trial put it, "They could not be convicted because the girl had been guilty of contributory negligence, having misled the men [because of her tattoo] into taking her for a woman of loose character."

Think times have changed? In a trial in New

York, federal prosecutors are trying to introduce defendants' tattoos as evidence of criminality. In this case, defendant Thomas "Huck" Carbonara was charged with planning a hit on notorious mobster-turned-former Sammy "Sammy the Bull"

Gravano. It seems that Carbonara has several tattoos, including one of a rat perched in a skull with the legend, RATS GET FAT WHILE GOOD MEN DIE. The feds want to introduce this in his trial as evidence of an attitude toward informers.

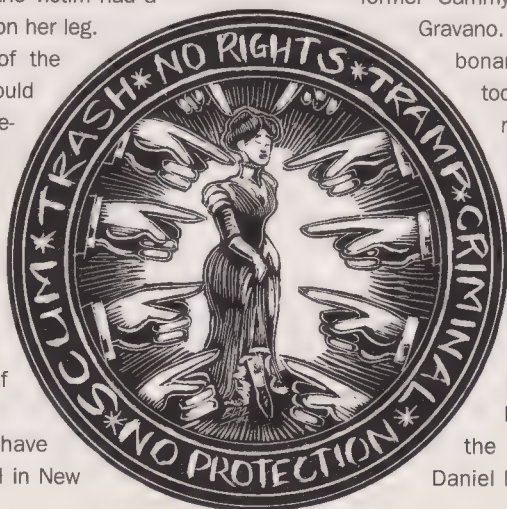
In papers filed with the court, prosecutors Daniel Dorsky and Joey Lip-

ton also added, "The defendant's other tattoo, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE UNITED STATES LAWS, and the picture of a shotgun further exemplify the criminal culture of the mob."

While most of us will not lose much sleep pondering the fate of Mr. Carbonara, the tactics of the government should put us all on serious notice. Could tattoos be cited as evidence against you? How about a Varga pinup girl: will that brand its owner as a sexual predator? Or could we see a repeat of that Boston trial with a modern-day rapist successfully defending his actions by parading his victims' suggestive tattoos?

If the feds are successful here, it might happen that cops will begin advising, "Anything we find on your body can and will be used against you in a court of law."

And just when you thought it was safe to wear a tank top. ●



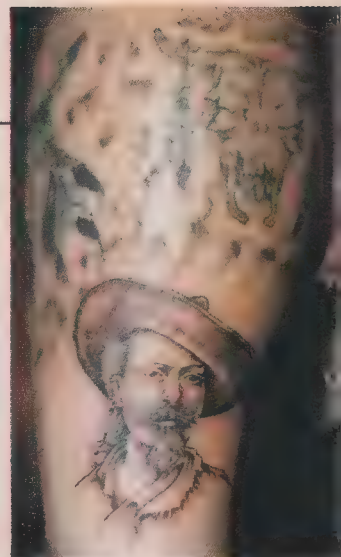
BORN IN THE 'BURBS OF BOSTON, AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, Mike McCabe headed to the California College of Arts and Crafts in Berkeley to become a stone lithographer. After schooling in California, McCabe was lured back to the East Coast by his brother who was dating a *Vogue* model and they had a loft. With the promise of a room, McCabe threw all his worldly stuff into his truck and drove to Manhattan. While in New York, he made films and a lot of art, but became disillusioned. "I didn't identify with rich people and got intrigued by anthropology. It seemed more interesting." Then Mike took up graduate studies in Cultural Anthropology at Columbia University with an undergraduate in Fine Art. Although he was most fond

BIG 10 QUESTIONS WITH MIKE McCABE BY C.G. MORRIS

of art outside the norm, Mike eventually graduated with honors. In the late '70s, McCabe moved to the Lower East Side of New York, next to "big guys covered in tattoos" in a mainly minority neighborhood. They all became friends, because "they were the only other white guys on the block." He was attracted to the art of tattoos and ended up apprenticing with Richard Tyler, although tattooing was illegal at the time. By 1993, Mike was burned out on tattooing. "When people come to you to tattoo, something is going on with their lives. Often, you're dealing with the psyche of people and it's draining. I got more into writing and felt it was time to put tattooing down for a while. I was fried."

After getting married, McCabe moved to upstate New York, returning to the Bowery to document old guys with tattoos. He got to know these guys in the process, ultimately gathering enough material to put together the classic *New York City Tattoo*, which was published by Ed Hardy. "Young artists read the book and saw that tattooing has a history and it meant a lot to them." Mike's marriage went sour and he had to leave the farmhouse he'd slaved over. So, back to Manhattan he went, and "that's when I did my second book with Schiffer, *Tattoo in New York City*, published in 2001. I thought tattooing is a beautiful art form, so I went back to McDougal Street Tattoo and worked there for six months." Because Mike is a world traveler with an interest in all peoples, he went to Asia and lived in Laos, Cambodia and Thailand, taking in the culture and producing *Tattoos of Indochina*, published by Schiffer in 2002. For the present, Mike is tattooing out of different shops and has just returned from Japan, where he gathered material for his definitive article "The Tattoo Scene in Modern Day Japan," which appeared in the March issue of *SKIN & INK*. Still writing and in negotiations to do a book about Japanese youth, culture and tattooing, Mike continues to live an exciting and excellent adventure. ●

Mike McCabe
(917) 447-4160
E-mail: mmccabe123@aol.com



Mike, above, with Ampom Klahan, a tattooer in Bangkok. And two samples of Mike's work.

- 1. WHAT IS YOUR BEST QUALITY?** I'm a people person. I've traveled quite a bit and, particularly after 9/11, it's easy to get cynical. I'm always redeemed by human contact.
- 2. DESCRIBE YOURSELF IN ONE SENTENCE.**
A good guy who gives a shit.
- 3. WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD YOU CHANGE IF YOU COULD?**
Cynicism would be one thing I would change. I know it's very hip to be glib and judgmental. Cynicism is not a superior perspective; we're pressured into it.
- 4. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?** I'm not afraid of much, but I am afraid of ignorance.
- 5. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE WORD?**
Cake. I love cake, any kind of cake.
- 6. WHAT WOULD YOUR PERFECT DAY LOOK LIKE?** My favorite temperature is 72. It's late spring, early summer in New York City. I'm hanging out with people and talking about art, writing and cultural stuff—and eating cake.
- 7. WHAT PISSES YOU OFF?** Disrespect. People that don't show me respect. You always have to show respect. Manners too. If you have respect and good manners, you can get by anywhere in the world.
- 8. WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE FILM?** *Dr. Strangelove*. I saw it when I was 15 or 16 and thought, *What is this?!* It's a great movie.
- 9. IF YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR NAME, WHAT WOULD IT BE?** I would never change my name. That's the one thing you're given.
- 10. WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SNACK FOOD?** Cake.



THE WIT AND WISDOM OF TENNESSEE DAVE



ALL THE YEARS THAT I WORKED WITH ERNIE, CAPT. JIM, Lil' Fran and Sailor Ted, we had some great experiences. At the time, we were the only shop in Los Angeles. The nearest other place then was on the Nu Pike. We drew customers from all over the San Fernando Valley, East L.A., the San Gabriel Valley and pretty much all of L.A.

County. You could say that we had a monopoly. We also had a ton of military on the weekends.

On the corner near our shop they had a U.S.O. station, and on Friday the busses would roll in from Camp Pendleton. We were open 24/7 in those days, and the place would be jumping. In the U.S.O., there was a band every night, so these guys would pretty much stay around 5th and Main until Sunday, when the busses came back for them.

It was a little more laid back during the week, but we did have our share of offbeat characters to contend with. Ernie and I acquired this one guy who called himself "Naturalist." He came to us from San

Francisco where he said he traded mop-up and gofer work with Lyle Tuttle for tattoos. All the work on his skin was animals and native Americans of all types. He was living under the porch of an old Victorian house in

BACK IN THE DAY

Lincoln Heights until it was moved over to a place called Heritage Square.

When he was forced to move, he got on government relief and got a small room downtown. This guy never took a bath, and I've got to tell you, he was gamey. Then he got it into his head that he was now a UFO-ologist, so we started putting on tattoos of rocket ships, moons, planets and all sorts of cosmic

drivel. We got this guy coming in two or three times a when, when, one day, Ernie was doing a piece on a customer and the UFO-ologist comes in and stands at the rail, watching. Ernie hears a strange thumping on the wall and jumps up to check it out. There the guy was, beatin' off, watching Ernie. Ernie and I kicked his ass and threw him out. Don't know where he is now.

We had another guy who hung around and did some swamping for us. He had a lot of work on him from Cliff Raven, including a large tattoo on his back of Icarus flying into the sun. He had banners with BLACK JOCK tattooed in them on both sides of his neck. When we asked what that meant, he said it was because his dick was tattooed black.

So, Ernie and I were not too comfortable calling him Black Dick in front of other customers, so we used to call him B.D. or B.J. Would you believe, he got pissed at us? He says, "Look. My name is Black Dick. If you guys can't call me by this, I'm outta here."

That's all for now. More Later.

—Tennessee Dave James

Tennessee.davejames@earthlink.net





THE ONE THING I LOVE TO DO IS TRAVEL AND collect tips from tattoo artists who know their stuff about lettering. I learn a little, share a little and get to know some pretty cool people in the process. This time the ol' hot rod rumbled up to the North Beach area of San Francisco to gather what I could from Henry Goldfield, tattoo genius and sign dude extraordinaire.

What can I say about Henry Goldfield that hasn't already been said? He's been there, done that and bought the proverbial T-shirt. I've known Henry for about three years and change. Every time we meet,

TIPS FROM HENRY

he constructs a grand tale of megalithic proportions that systematically mutates into eternity. Cartoon question marks dance around my skull, and just when I'm certain he's gone off the deep end with his ramblings, Goldfield will miraculously manipulate around to the original point and finish with a bang. And damned if it doesn't make sense. Man, I love the guy!

Since Henry and I are both Tin Can Sailors (Navy men who served on the old DD-class destroyers), the stories often wander into our travels abroad and the adventures included therein. He calls me Sailor Tim and I call him Sailor Henry. So, here are a

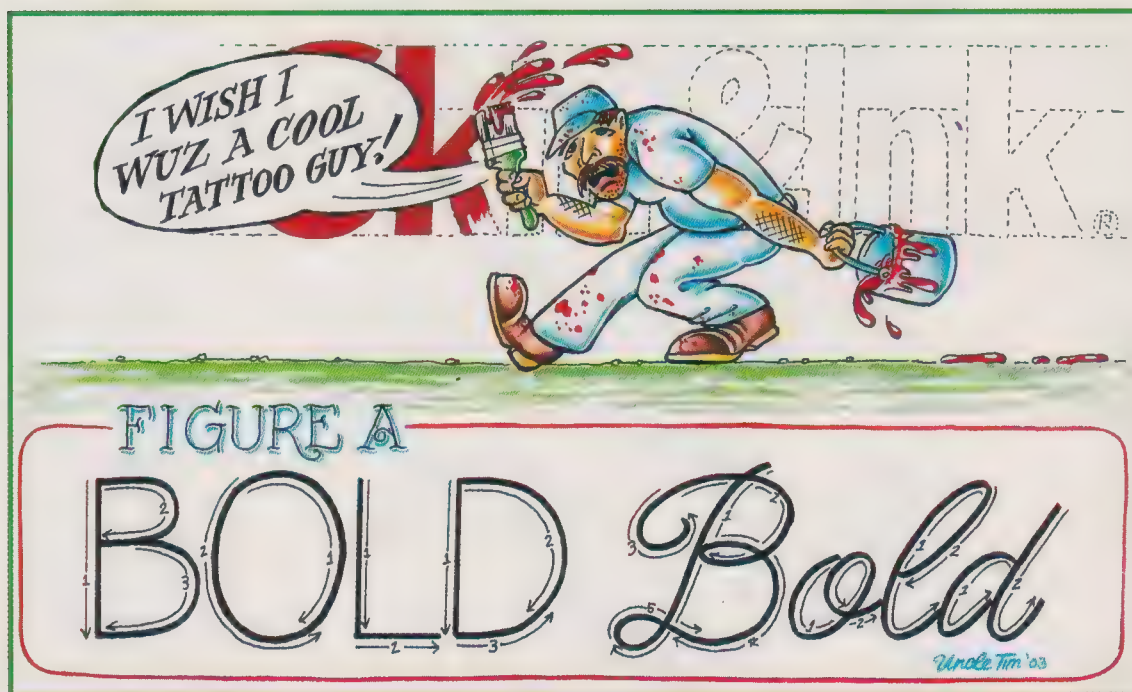
couple of tips from the seadog himself.

When learning how to letter, buy *The Speedball Textbook*. This is a great idea. The section on gothic lettering (page 16 and 18) shows how lettering strokes actually have an order to them. Learning these sequences can make lettering much easier and make the process much smoother, thus, increasing your speed (Figure A). Also, *Letterheads* magazine is excellent reference material. (Check your local sign supply store).

Henry reminisces about people who've worked for him over the years and how they used to whine about lettering. He would tell them to think about all the sign painters who cut their teeth 100 feet up in the air hanging from boatswain's chairs on water towers or lettering corrugated metal doors in ten-below weather. He'd tell them about lettering stucco walls 40 feet up on nothing more than rickety ladder jacks while the heat from the building baked you like a pie. Oh, baby, I've been there! Knowing that, putting in simple tattoo lettering doesn't seem so bad after all.

By the way, starting next issue, the editor of *SKIN & INK* have something new in mind for me, but, I'll still throw in an occasional Lettering 101 for you alphabet junkies. Until then, quit your \$%&!&@# bellyachin', dammit, and be grateful that you have the coolest job on earth!

—Uncle Tim
studio13@redshift.com



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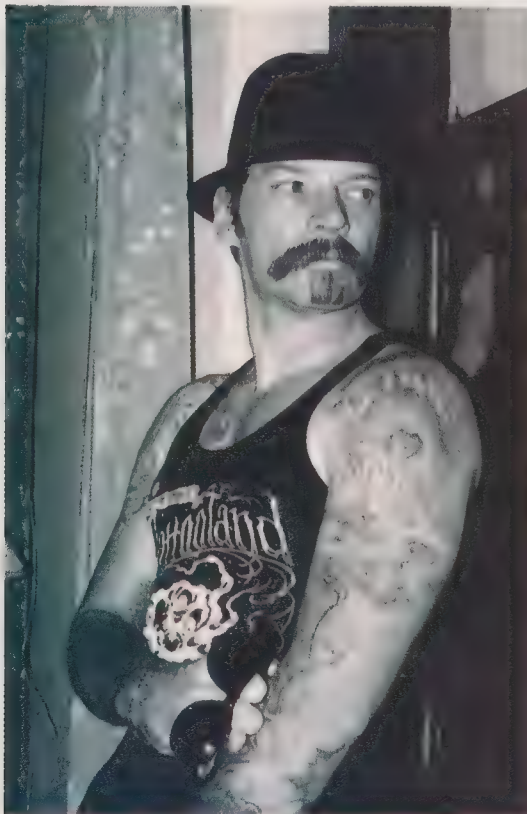
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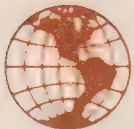


DIANNE MANSFIELD'S PORTRAITS OF **tattoo family**





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP FAR LEFT:
 Heidi Hay
 Jack Cox
 Eddie Funk
 Filip and Titine Leu, Switzerland
 Horihide (a/k/a Oguri), Gifu City, Japan
 Charlie Cartwright, Modesto, California
 Greg James
 Jack Rudy



Old women of the Lawae tribe, above and far right, with facial tattoos and the stretched earlobes. Due to extreme poverty, their beautiful earplugs have been sold to hawkers. A 1,500-year-old statue, right, with a tattoo on its upper arm.



An unexploded shell from the Vietnam war, transformed into a thing of beauty.



EVERYWHERE ON THIS PLANET traditional cultures are threatened with extinction in the new millennium. Along with the disappearance of ethnic minorities and their distinct way of life, tribal tattoos, which have marked human skin for ages, will vanish off the face of this earth forever. Tattoos are only seemingly indelible. If they aren't documented, recorded for posterity, they, too, will simply disappear, fade away with their wearers.

Who, now that the last of the Ainu women has passed away less than a decade ago, has knowledge about the moustache-like tattoos of the aborigines of Japan? Will those few ancient Inuit ladies that still remain, take the secret of their stitched facial tattoos to their graves? Similar stories could be told about the head hunters of the Philippines, the Bosnian Catholics and many other ethnicities who used to mark their skins. Before science can know enough about their lore, the traditions are forgotten, the tribes are gone or blended into mainstream society.

Why is this the case? Why have traditional tattoos gone out of fashion with their creators? Is it outside influence and pressure of a society hungry for civilization?

Very often, globalisation is the culprit, conveying new ideals and values to people who have lived in a smaller world without mass transport and media. Colorful images from a new world, brought by TV and travelling foreigners, are more enticing than the boring reality of traditions held by the elders. But sometimes, outside influence on ancient traditions is more pressing than mere television, McDonalds and jeans ads. A typical example are the Lao Theung, the numerous highland tribes of mountainous Southern Laos. In the southeastern parts of this bitterly poor country, ancient Mon-Khmer tribes, which have migrated to here from Southern China and Northern Vietnam, have lived an extremely simple life for about 2000 years.

The Lawae subgroup, which is closely related to the Brao of Cambodia and Vietnam, have lived just as the Katu, Alak, Ta-Oy, Laven and Nge subgroups. They were semi-nomadic hunters-and-gatherers until they were discovered by the colonial French rulers. Around that time, the Lawae and

other tribes settled down as farmers in the highlands. Even then, in the 1920s, the tradition to decorate the women with *katu*, as they called their facial tattoos, was already dying.

The Laotian communist revolution which took place in 1975 changed the lifestyle of the mountain tribes once again completely. The Lawae were relocated (i.e. deported) to newly built villages near rivers and other thoroughfares. Re-education took



VANISHING FACIAL TATTOOS OF LAOS

place, a new Laotian identity was forced on them and old traditions were banned as barbaric.

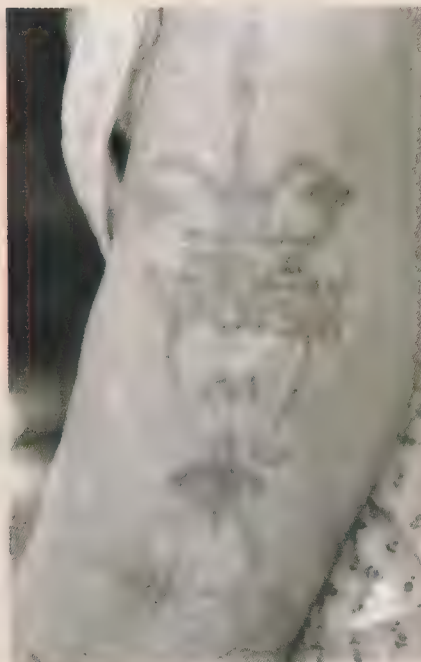
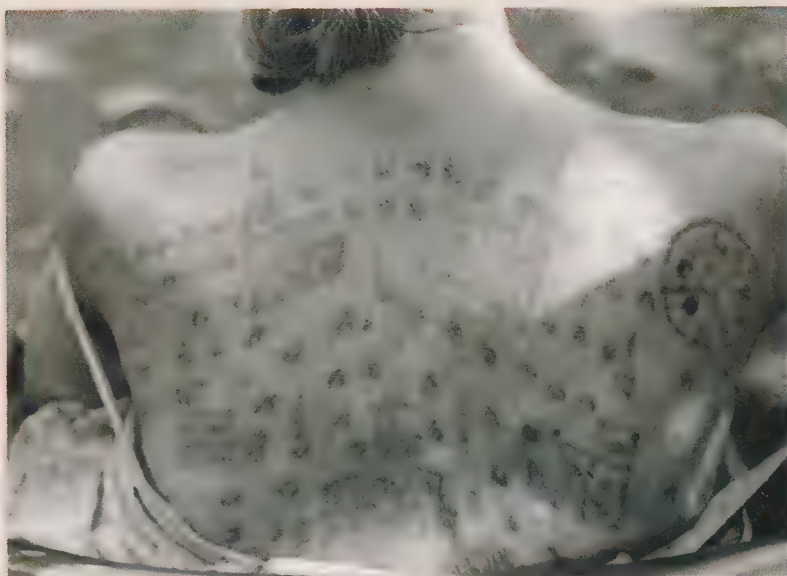
Facial tattooing had already disappeared before this. It must have been 60 to 70 years ago when young girls had their faces cut with the thorns of the acacia tree and soot rubbed into the wounds as a rite of passage from child to womanhood. Likewise, during puberty, the girls had their front teeth cut, a form of body modification that could be found in tribal societies all over the world. Also, they had their ears pierced, stretched to enormous dimensions. Their beautiful earplugs made from hardwood or elephant ivory measured up to two inches. But due to rampant poverty, relics of this practice have been sold off to hawkers.

It is difficult to find and research the last remaining Lawae, especially for foreigners. I wanted to give it a try anyway. Only recently, a new

One of the last of a vanishing breed, tattooed women of the Lawae tribe in Southern Laos.



It must have been 60 to 70 years ago when young girls had their faces cut with the thorns of the acacia tree and soot rubbed into the wounds as a rite of passage from child to womanhood.



road was being built into this remote area, in order to facilitate logging in the so-far undisturbed rainforest still dotted with tigers and wild elephants. For this particular reason (the logging, not the wild animals), some areas of this province are totally off-limits to tourists. The climate is far from healthy. Malaria is, according to my guide, confined to the villages. He told me not to worry about it. Just great! Where else would I find villagers but in the villages?

The language barrier is insurmountable. Our

driver spoke a bit of French and was able to translate my questions into Laotian, which, again, were translated into the tribal dialect by our local guide. Considering the biblical age of my interview partners (none of the remaining tattooed Lawae has seen less than 80 summers, excuse me, rainy seasons), it was almost impossible to get hard, factual information. Very frustrating. Nonetheless, I documented as much as I could about the life of the Lawae tribe. Only six to eight of those old ladies were still alive when I got there. I found and photographed three of them. The oldest of the lot—over 90 years of age—was tattooed all over her body. The tribal

designs on her upper arms were quite similar to the body art found on 2,000-year-old statues of the Funan period of South-East Asia, which were excavated in this area. Proof of two millennia of tattooing among the Mon-Khmer people?

It will be a mere few years before the last Lawae ladies decorated with the *katu* will pass away. The ancient tradition will be gone forever without a trace. Except for a handful of photographs.

Wherever I lay my head is home!

—Travelin' Mick
Travelingmic@yahoo.de

Clockwise from top left: a woman of the Lawae tribe with facial tattoos, stretched earlobes and cut-out front teeth; backpiece and upper arm of a 94 year old Lawae woman; another Lawae woman in her 90's with facial tattoos.



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COSMETIC TATTOOING

Dear Matty,

I have been tattooing for a good 20 years now and in the '80s tattooed my fair share of super model (Cindy Crawford) wannabe beauty marks, but in the last year or so I have had more calls and walk-ins asking about tattooing eyeliner, lips, eyebrows and more. What's the latest and greatest on cosmetic tattoos?

—Jason S.
New Jersey U.S.A.

As far back as the 1850s, tattooing was being used by doctors to treat skin lesions. About 20 years later, they began using black pigment for tattooing corneas, to improve the appearance of glaucoma scars.

PERMANENT COSMETICS is not a new fad. As in the case of many cultures around the globe, customs are usually derived through myths, legends, and folklore. Indigenous Japanese Ainu women were visited by the deity Aeoyna-kamuy who came down from the sky as a tutor. His divine sister came with him to teach the women their duties. She was tattooed and introduced the custom, teaching how to tattoo before she returned to her

divine home in sky. In addition to the hands, forearms and wrists, they tattooed their mouths, both upper and lower lips, forehead and brows. The various patterns with regional characteristics became a means of identification as well as beautification. Women at an early age had their lips tattooed using the natural contours as a guide and filled in solid black. Only after marriage would her husband extend the corners into upturned points, completing

the pattern. New Zealand Maori and north American Eskimo women had their lips tattooed black with designs flowing down on to their chins. This esthetic appreciation was believed to be a major improvement over the lip's natural color. They believed, "A woman without a tattoo was ugly as a dog." In certain areas of Africa and Ethiopia, men and women alike have their gums tattooed to make their teeth look whiter, this age-old tradition is still being done today.

Beauty spots, aptly named, mimicking nature's moles, were all the rage during the reign of Louis XIV, particularly those at court drew attention to themselves with these spots (called "flies" in France). Strategically placed on the face or breast, they communicated a special meaning, allowing men to read their flirtatious intentions. At that time, the spots were made from velvet or taffeta stored in a small decorated box and moved about their alabaster-like, white skin to suit their mood. For most people today, the shyness in communicating their desires no longer exists, so we can decide on

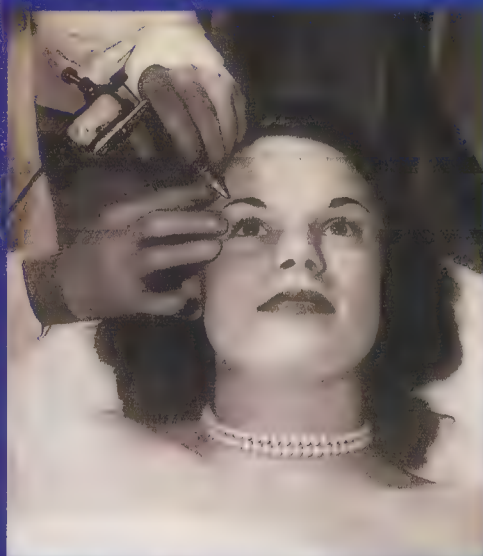
MAORI POEM

Lay thyself quietly down, oh daughter, soon it will be done.
That thy lips may be well tattooed; 'tis quickly performed.
For thy going to visit the young men's houses;
Lest it be said, "Whither indeed is this ugly woman going?"
Now coming hitherward. Keep thyself still, lying down, oh young lady, round the tap goes.
That thy lips may be well tattooed, Also thy chin; That thou mayest be beautiful.
Thus it goes fast. For thy going to visit the houses of courtship, Lest it should be said of thee, Whither does this woman think of going with her red lips!
"Who is walking this way? Still it is revolving.
Give thyself willingly to be tattooed; Briefly it is over.
For thy going to the house of amusement; Also thou wilt be spoken of:
"Whither goes this woman with her bare lips, hastening hither, indeed, in that state?"
Round it revolves. It is done. It is tattooed. Soon it is, indeed.
Give hither quietly thy chin to be imprinted; nimbly the hand moves.
For thy going to the houses of the single men, lest these words be said,
"Whither goes the woman with her red chin, Who is coming this way?"

the location of a permanent spot. Previously, an eyebrow-pencil dot was sufficient but had an unnatural look. So, pick a spot on your cheek, breast, bottom or above the navel to enhance that area. Black ink should be avoided, as it can produce a blue tinge. And never tattoo over an existing spot, the trauma can have adverse reactions. As far back as the 1850s, tattooing was being used by doctors to treat skin lesions. About 20 years later, they began using black pigment for tattooing corneas, to improve the appearance of glaucoma scars. Shortly after the turn of the century, scarred skin on lips was tattooed with reddish pigment and work was being done in scar revision. By the 1940s, permanent pigment was being injected as part of general surgery for skin grafts. With vermilion red contours of lips and brown pigment used instead of eyelash grafts, these landmark medical procedures were commonplace by the 1980s. King of Tattooists, George Burchett, honed his craft in the navy and had the notable distinction of tattooing crests as well as Asian motifs on members of the British royal family. The sign outside his shop in England read SURGERY. During the 1950s, you would find Mr. Burchett wearing a white lab coat, tattooing everything from union jacks on blue collar patriots to fashionable women getting eyebrows, lips and strategically placed beauty spots. Legendary tattooist Cindy Ray, the ultimate tattooed pinup girl from Victoria, Australia, published a series of portfolios chock full of original flash with step-by-step tips. A major feature was pages filled with an assortment of dancers, models and gorgeous, perfectly-styled women with beehive hairdos, showing their tattoos,



Aina woman with tattooing around the mouth, above, from *The Pattern of Dermatology in Japan*, Maori woman, right, from *The Art of Maori Tattooing*. Photo by Marti Friedlander.



Eyebrow shaping in 1958, above, from *Memories of a Tattooist* by George Burchett and Peter Leighton. One of Cindy Ray's instructional publications, right. Melbourne tattooist, Dick Reynolds, below, tattooing Diane McArthur.





Johnny Libbers tattoos on a beauty spot, above. Danny Robinson, left, tattooing Monika Dimoch.



Elenora Habnit's book, right. Men also enjoy the effects of permanent makeup as shown in the book, below.



piercings and more. Tattooists Danny Robinson, Dick Reynolds and Johnny Liebers were pictured creating the perfect eyebrows and beauty-mark tattoos. By the 1970s, traditionally trained tattooists began offering intradermal makeup and reconstructive pigmentation. Mary Jane Haake, Winonna Martin, Shelia May and Pati Pavlik had the advantage of being seasoned tattooists familiar with the many esthetic choices of shape and color involved in putting on a new face. A courageous few then crossed the line of age-old tradition and began training others. In 1986, Drs. Zwerling, Christen and Goldstein wrote the first textbook, *Micro Pigmentation*, which served as a reference guide and foundation of basic technical information for this new field. The 1990s publication *State of the Art Micropigmentation* by Charles S. Zwerling M.D., Norman F. Goldstein M.D. and Annette C. Walker R.N. covers it all from tattoo history, psychology, practical clinical anatomy to the use of photography (www.micropigmentation.org).

New from Schiffer Publishing is a book for both practitioners and clients, *Permanent Makeup and Reconstructive Tattooing* (www.schifferbooks.com) written by Elenora Habnit (www.best-permanentmakeup.com). The book was first published in French and is now available in English. More than 15 years have passed since Elenora and a friend were on holiday in Paris and both had their eyebrows tattooed. Bitten by the tattoo bug, Elenora returned to France for a one-day crash course. During the next three years, she traveled and studied with various people before she felt confident enough to stop teaching language and begin her new career, cosmetic tattooing. As a specialist in the field, her book provides detailed information on what permanent makeup can do, who benefits from it, how much it costs, finding, working

with the right professionals, certification, regulations, professional associations and, of course, many before-and-after photos.

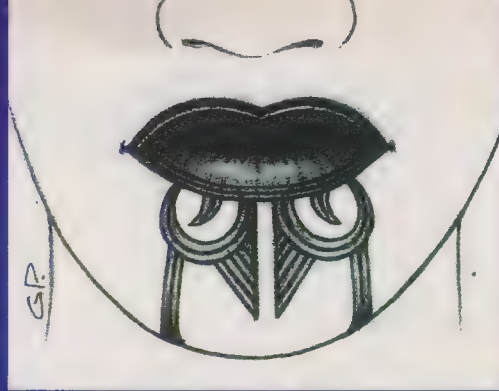
The hands-on approach for most is the key to learning. Every weekend in hotel ballrooms around the world, thousands attend introductory courses, plunk down about \$3,000 and, after putting a dot on a banana, go off to mark the masses. Well, before you spend your hard-earned cash, check with these two major nonprofit organizations: The Society of Permanent Cosmetic Professionals (SPCA) (www.spcp.org) and the American Academy of Micropigmentation (AAM) (www.micropigmentation.org). They are aligned with insurance carriers and set guidelines for training curriculums. The Beau Institute is a model program for all levels and specialties. A library of instructional videos is also available from Rosemary Beauchemin who, along with Elizabeth Finch and Pati Pavlik, has produced a series on aureola and camouflage. The *Skin Game* is a newsletter published by Mary Jane Haake featuring many interesting contributors. One of the few roosters in the hen house is Mr. John Heshey's Advanced School of Permanent Cosmetics, whose traditional tattoo experience and innovative procedures can be tracked with his online newsletter. Just go to www.hash-eyes.com and subscribe.

Getting down to the nuts and bolts of it all, the traditional, coil-type reciprocating tattoo machine patented by Samuel O'Reilly in the 1880s is the most popular type still being used today for cosmetic tattooing. Joe Kaplan has been a major influence in intradermal cosmetics for over 30 years. Not just as a tattoo supplier and equipment manufacturer, Kaplan has helped to legitimize cosmetic and

reconstructive tattooing in the medical community. Innovations and variations include the rotary machine popularized by Huck Spaulding and its close cousin the Swash drive from Australia, which provides a whisper-quiet machine that, for some practitioners, helps put the client more at ease. Rose Mary Beauchemin, owner and Director of Education for the Beau Institute, finds the state-of-the-art machine is the Nouveau Countour Digital 600, which automatically varies speed and depth on demand. This system also provides a disposable single-unit needle and tube cartridge.

Everything old is new again as tattooists are reverting back to manual, hand-poked or Japanese style. This manual, soft-tap method also employs a needle configuration that features stacked layers in a pattern resembling a chisel tip. Soft-tap is used exclusively by some, whereas others find it helpful for only some procedures. The inventive genius of Wes Wood has created more than 70 stock configurations plus special custom manufactured needles used worldwide for traditional tattooing and micropigmentation (unimaxsupply.com).

The inks used for micro pigmentation are specifically formulated for cosmetic work. Some traditional tattoo inks will look one way fresh out of the bottle, but during the healing process will change. Blacks often will turn blue and reds can sometimes turn to an unsightly purple. The use of color and knowledge of basic cosmetology are necessary for all beauty procedures. Reconstructive tattooing after breast augmentation, mastectomy or face lift for even the smallest area makes a big difference. Burns and other scars can be made less obvious. Loss of pigment



Drawing of a Maori facial tattoo from Elenora Habnit's book, above.

or darkened areas of skin can be evened out. Hair loss or thinning due to chemotherapy, hair pulling disorder, alopecia, surgical or trauma scars can be blended, one strand at a time, to simulate natural hair strokes. The number of male clients is on the rise, and the most common cosmetic enhancement is subtle eyeliner augmentation.

So, from Cleopatra to Boy George, we have kept alive yet another facet of permanent body decoration and taken it into the 21st century. One grandmother at Thanksgiving dinner took great pleasure in announcing to the whole family that she had gotten a tattoo. After a pregnant pause, she blurted out, "I had my eyebrows done!"

Indelibly,
Matty
bodny@aol.com

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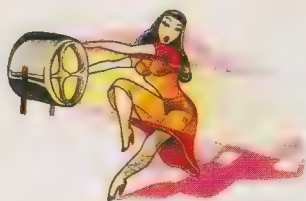
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Spotlight with John Saletra

I ran into John Saletra from Tabu Tattoo at Inkslinger's Ball this past September. I worked with him briefly in New Orleans six years ago when he was going by the name of Johnny "Three Legs." He talked to me about how he had taken up surfing and was really psyched about it. We decided to ditch work one day and go to the beach before summer officially ended. So, I packed an ice chest, grabbed my wetsuit and boogie board and met John one beautiful day at County Line. The water wasn't particularly nice to us that day. I rode a wave in and was heading back out when a giant swell started cresting ahead of me. I decided to try and catch it instead of attempting to get around the behemoth. It was too late. The wave curled in



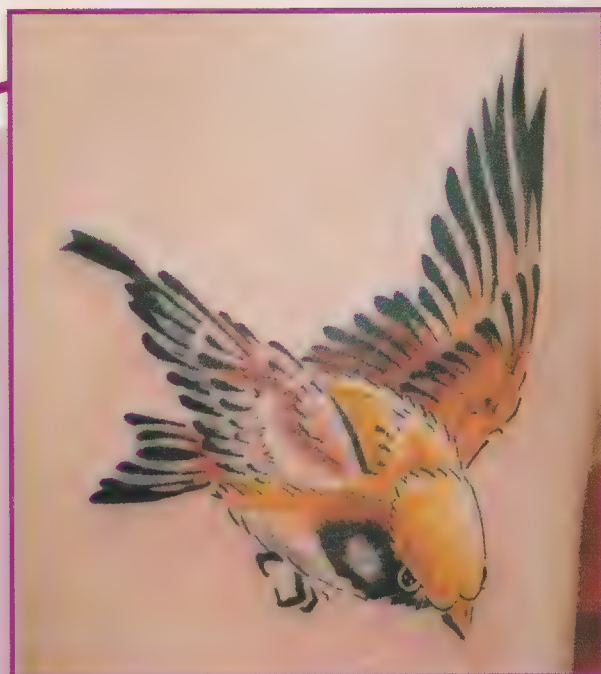
John, the surfer dude, takes a break from tattooing

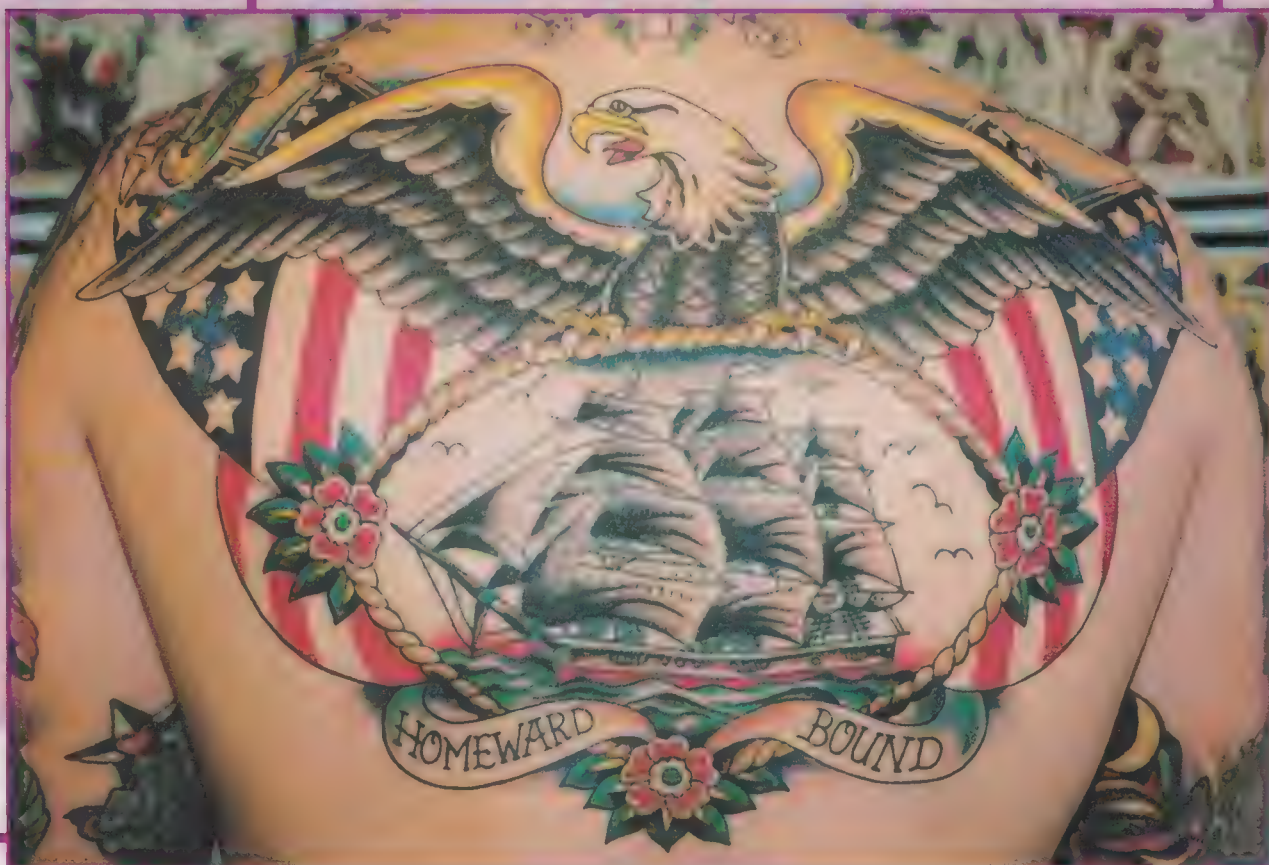
front of me and spun me like a washing machine. I crawled out of the water and was hanging my head to drain saltwater out of my face and cough it out of my lungs. It was then that I turned to see John as he went over the falls in one of the most horrific displays of tumbling limbs and surfboard I've ever witnessed. Perhaps he should drop the old moniker and go with Johnny "Sea Legs." Both of us wounded (at least in the ego department), we looked scornfully at the sea and decided it was time to kick back on the sand and chug a few cold ones while we talked tattoo.

When I met John in New Orleans, he was a booze-swilling party guy, so I was surprised to learn that he started out as a tree-huggin' hippy that did yoga all the time. He was friends with John Lenz, a tattooist in Youngstown, Ohio, who also did yoga. Next thing you know, they go on

a yoga retreat for a week in the Catskills Mountains and John gets recruited as an apprentice. "We were trying to gain a higher respect for life with tattooing sort of tied in with it. There's a certain spirituality to tattooing. It's a permanent mark, an homage to some degree." John and Debby Lenz gave him the basic structure to tattooing so that he could put some solid pigment concentration in the skin. He moved on from this spiritual level of tattooing to New Orleans, of all places.

"I needed to see what else was out there. I went to Cincinnati where Dana Brunson gave me the best advice about tattooing ever. He said, 'It just gets harder.' When a guy whose been tattooing for 35 years tells you it just gets harder, he's telling the truth. If it gets easier you're doing something wrong. I went to New Orleans after that and stayed for four years. I worked at a really busy street shop and honed my skills, made great friends and got drunk all the time. I needed to get the hell out of there fast!" John moved on to Miami, on his tour of party towns, where he managed Merlin's Art Attack for two years. "Managing



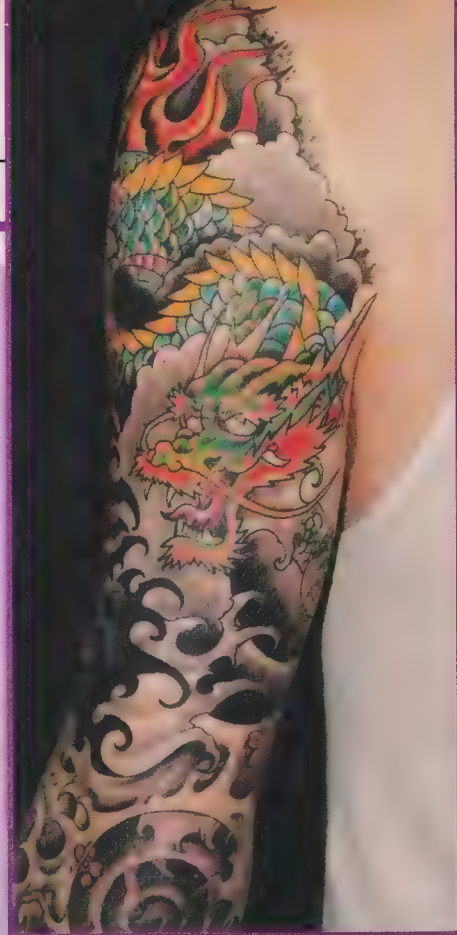


Spotlight on John Saletra

a shop in Miami is like being a prison warden to a bunch of whacked out maniacs. Its like daycare, really. It was a nightmare." It was a stroke of luck when John moved to Los Angeles and landed a job tattooing at Tabu Tattoo where there is structure and professionalism. "Dottie and R.J. know the score, that tattooists are a bunch of maniacs. They let us be ourselves and have fun as long as it's in a professional manner, which is the way tattooing needs to be."

John does mostly traditional work, whether it is American or Japanese. His time spent honing his skills have paid off—his lines are clean and his colors are solid. "Now that I'm surfing, I like to draw waves. I have a lot of friends coming in to get cool surf designs, even Polynesian tattoos, anything that has a correlation with water." John is a traditionalist and spends time researching to make sure that his work reflects the traditions of the past. "I have a real respect for its origins. I don't like to change the base of a tattoo. I can draw a *koi* fish, but it needs to have the proper fins in the proper places. I'm not going to just make it up. The same with traditional American tattooing, there's a proper look that it should have. I don't want to give someone a tattoo that's completely meaningless. There's a certain correctness with my tattoos that I try to achieve."

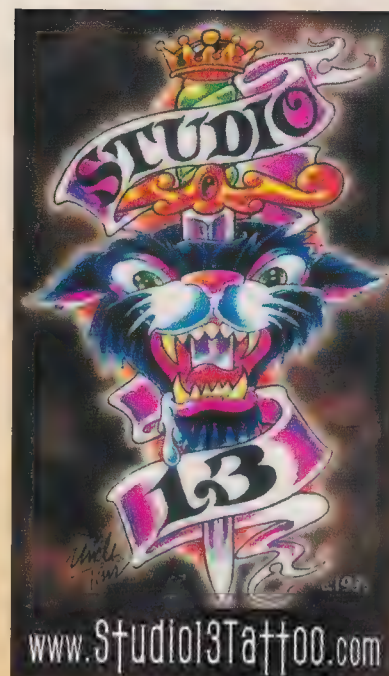
John feels that surfing has strengthened his self esteem and taken the blinders off of him as far as tattooing goes. Where once he used to push his customers into getting some cool tattoo that he was into doing, now he just wants to give his customers what they want. "Surfing helped me realize there was more to life than doing the next slick, cool tattoo. It helped me mature, and that helped my art grow. I think I went full circle." Yeah, I think John's a tree-huggin' hippy again. He rarely goes out drinking anymore because it interferes with surfing at 5:00 a.m. Now, instead of hunkering over his customers with a nasty hang over, he might have a sunburn. The one thing I know about John is that you're going to get a good tattoo no matter how much sand he has in his shoes. ●



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with **Bonnie Seeley**

THIS IS A BRIEF NOTE WRITTEN about the problem of stolen art in our industry. I'm writing so people will take a stand against the wanton theft of the art tattooists hold so dear.

In the advent of this technological age, I think everyone would agree that the Internet is a valuable tool to tattoo artists everywhere. Products once hard to find are available at your fingertips. If a customer comes in and wants a tattoo of a kiwi bird, *National Geographic's* website can probably show you what one looks like. An

almost made an explosive exit through the shop window. I checked into the seller's history and found out the guy had sold 100 sets in the last six months! One of his buyer's comments was, "Great set! I've already sold one!" What?!

I contacted eBay. They were staggeringly unhelpful. It seems like an easy matter to resolve. After all, if you look close at the pictures, my name is visible in a little yellow POW on every page. Yup, there it is: Bonnie A Seeley. My gripe is not so much with eBay; it's a buyer-beware auction

every one of those 100 buyers on eBay probably justified their actions the same way. They should think about this: **THAT ART IS STOLEN!** Artists sweat countless hours to create flash and they think they're doing it for the possibility of an appreciative audience. But every time some spineless little thief sells it behind their backs, the purpose is soiled, the joy is squashed, the effort is invalidated.

A few good rules for buying flash are:

1. Most artists sell their own flash.
2. If it's someone else selling it, they should encourage you to call the original artist to prove it's legit. DO IT! Artists would be overjoyed to hear people calling to confirm they aren't buying stolen art.
3. Legit agents will advertise who did it in big letters. The thief on eBay just posted it as flash and refused to advertise the artist that did it.

Artists can't be watching everything, **everywhere**, nor should we feel we have to. We like to think people have a certain amount of integrity concerning these things. Now, granted, it would make me endlessly happy to get my hands on the nasty little creature stealing my flash. It would make me happy to think people are refusing that rat's services—and maybe slapping him a few times.

—Bonnie Seeley

Big Deluxe Tattoo

San Diego, California

integrityinart@hotmail.com

DON'T BUY **STOLEN ART!**

artist can supplement their reference library for far less money and trouble than it would take to buy all those books. But, of course, there's the inevitable darker side. With the information highway, also comes Internet pirates. Those lowlife thieves that steal images, specifically flash, and sell them to eager buyers all over the world, safe in the fact that they'll never have to risk coming face to face with the artist they're stealing from and risk the violent repercussions that might follow.

I'm a tattoo artist, and a few years back, I drew up some flash. Six sets. Now, at an average of six sheets per set, and around six images per page, that's roughly 216 drawings that I had to think up, sketch, outline, color, clean up and assemble. Anyone who has done a set of flash knows how much work that is.

The other day, cruising around on eBay, BAM!, there it was! Did I put it there? Well, I think I'd remember something like that. Wouldn't you? I can tell you that the computer

platform. My gripe isn't even with the thief selling it. I mean, you're always going to have problems with slimy, lazy, dirtballs without scruples or integrity trying to make a buck off the people that actually did the work. One can only hope an Acme safe falls on his head, or maybe I'll get a hold of him. Oh, the revenge I dream of exacting on that guy.

But really, there would be no market for thieves with stolen artwork if people weren't so willing to turn a blind eye to the personal nature of the transgression. It's up to YOU, the consumer, and you know that. Everyone's seen artwork they know they shouldn't, in good conscience, use. Whether it's a customer with a clipping from a magazine of someone's custom tattoo that some lazy artist just duplicates exactly without permission, to flash being sold by some shady bastard online, or even shop-to-shop, in person. There's a tendency to just say, "It's no big deal. I'm just one person. It's just one set." But

P.S. If you have Bonnie Seeley flash and you didn't buy it from me or my only approved sales associate, Rich D of Big Deluxe, you bought stolen art. ●

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► Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time.



WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaia tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.



Young Ernest, at 14 months old, far left. Erno and Lynn make a mess while Horiyoshi III shows off the poodle, above. Erno doing his thing in 1981, left.

Erno's Story

BY UNCLE TIM HEITKOTTER

GATHER YE ROUN' THE FIRE MY children and let me tell a tale of misery and woe. Let me tell you a tale of a journey to the depths of hell and back—and victory against overwhelming odds.

Born August 31, 1949, Erno Gabriel Szabady grew up around Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The older of two, Erno led a troubled life trying to survive the mean streets of the Kensington district known to the locals as "Fishtown." Constantly in and out of trouble, Erno somehow managed to land an athletic scholarship for his talents in basketball, football and track at the prestigious William Penn Charter High School. His studies and adventures there led to degrees in fine art and education (with graduate courses in children's book illustration) from Temple University. Erno's exposure to the street life tainted him with a knack for experimentation with the popular drugs of the day. Never losing his connection with the streets of Fishtown, Erno's drug use carried well into his young adult life (much of which we can't disclose here, so as to protect all parties involved).

While teaching poor inner-city Puerto Rican grade

school kids, Erno became disenchanted with the teaching profession. After asking one child why he only showed up only once a week, the child responded, it was his turn to wear the shoes. An angry Erno pleaded with school officials to help and was met with a "don't get attached" attitude. It was Erno's father (also a teacher) who pushed him into teaching and away from the financially unstable artist lifestyle. After quitting, an angry and confused Erno bought the whole family new shoes out of his own meager paycheck, then turned to drug sales to fill his economic void.

Disconnected and resentful, his new trade led him to occasional trips to San Francisco at the height of the '60s hippie culture, bringing back LSD to supply the hungry psychedelic appetites of Philadelphia consumers. It was here that his fascination began with the West Coast lifestyle. Erno felt drawn to the free wheeling Haight Ashbury way of life and moved permanently to San Francisco in 1977.

Erno took on various jobs making kites and waiting tables while searching the Yellow Pages for anyone who would look at his art portfolio. Finally, landing a job with HJB Books, Erno filled his days animating a children's



It's a wonderful life. Erno in front of the San Francisco shop, left. Lyle Tuttle tattooing Betty Broadbent, above, in August 1981. Erno and Uncle Tim in front of the Santa Cruz shop, below, in August 2003.



instructional film and waiting tables at night. Fascinated by tattooing, since his receiving his first tattoo by Sailor Jo Jo back in 1970, Erno had already amassed a sizable flash portfolio and had been dabbling with tattooing after purchasing a kit from the legendary Cliff Raven, years before. Buying this kit put him on a mailing list that allowed him to attend the world's first tattoo convention in Houston, Texas, put on by Dave Yerkew back in 1976. With all the big tattoo names gathered in the Lunar Room at the Holiday Inn, Erno got early exposure as to what the world of professional tattooing was all about. It was Erno's dream to become one of these giants and to tattoo in San Francisco.

It was while waiting tables in the City by the Bay that Erno met Lyle Tuttle. Lyle liked Erno's flash so much that he took down his own flash and displayed Erno's at a convention in Reno, Nevada. Erno's flash sold so well that Lyle eventually took him on as an official apprentice. Erno worked under Lyle Tuttle for seven years. After a falling out with Lyle, Erno opened up Erno Tattoo in the Lower Haight district in 1984, and, later in Santa Cruz in 1994, but, not before getting a chance to work with such greats as Morbella, George

Campise, Terry Tweed, Lenny Ardoin and Jonathan Shaw. If this list sounds impressive, it's not as impressive as the list of people Erno taught during his reign as Tattoo King. He broke in such well-known tattoo heavies like Freddy Corbin, Scott Sterling, Dan Higgs, Jason Story, Jamie Trujillo, Pat Conlan, Mandy Flynn, Big Ed Tofoya, and Nalla.

An interesting highlight of Erno's Lyle Tuttle years was Lyle's opening up of the Tattoo Rose Cafe in the late '70s. This was the legendary meeting place for the local tattoo talents of the day. Artists like Greg Irons, Dean Dennis, Leo Zuluetta, Cliff Raven, Sailor Moses, Chuck Eldridge, Henry Goldfield, Ed Hardy and even Capt. Don Leslie regularly took in Open Mike Night and mused over poetry and music. Regular art shows exploded on the walls, showcasing the talents of the Tattoo Rose Cafe patrons. It was there that a non-competitive open forum of tattoo knowledge was exchanged sans jealousy. New ideas and techniques were discussed in a friendly relaxed atmosphere of coffee and oak. (Although Lyle has since sold his tattoo shop, the new owner occupies the old location of the Tattoo Rose Cafe and the old bar is still there.)

Erno's Story

Tattoos tell part of the tale of Erno's life. Ed Hardy did the work on Erno's ribcage, right.

Erno's travels took him to Yokohama, Japan, where he lived with Horiyoshi III for a month, while getting worked on by the Asian tattoo master. He also spent a month in Thailand hanging out with Om on Bangkok's infamous Khaosarn Road. In a bizarre twist of fate, Erno ended up in a project to help repopulate Thailand's dwindling sea turtle numbers. He actually had a job tattooing baby sea turtles for the King of Thailand (which paid for his entire trip). Erno himself has been tattooed by other greats such as Cliff Raven, Henry Goldfield, Ed Hardy, Leo Zuluetta and Greg Irons.

One would think that Erno had it pretty good traveling, picking the brains of his new friends and collecting some of the world's best tattoo art. Unknown to most of us, Erno was developing an insatiable weakness for heroin. Experimentation in the early '90s eventually turned into a full-blown habit and had become a dominant factor in his life by 1995. Although he had had several opportunities and half-hearted attempts to quit, Erno kept falling back into the abysmal lifestyle of a common junkie.

Life through the '90s was, at best, a bitter experience for Erno. Dealing with a dwindling list of friends and clients, Erno managed to keep the shop open, just enough to supply his growing habit. Erno himself stopped tattooing in mid-2000, as his right arm had been slowly collapsing since 1995 and was completely useless. His habit had become so desperate he was shooting dope in the festering sores that completely enveloped his shriveling appendage. His left arm was the only choice, and became the new target of his madness. Eventually Erno's left arm shared the same fate and began to fester and collapse. His now lifeless right arm began to show signs of gangrene. There he was, faced with a dilemma. Was he just going to continue and die, or was he going to get help? The claws of heroin addiction had a stranglehold on Erno, and death seemed to be the only way out. It was just a matter of time.

Alone and isolated in the back of his shop, Erno fixed for the last time on October 5th, 2001, and waited for the same Grim Reaper that he'd tattooed on people's arms a thousand times. This seemed to be the end for Erno Szabady.

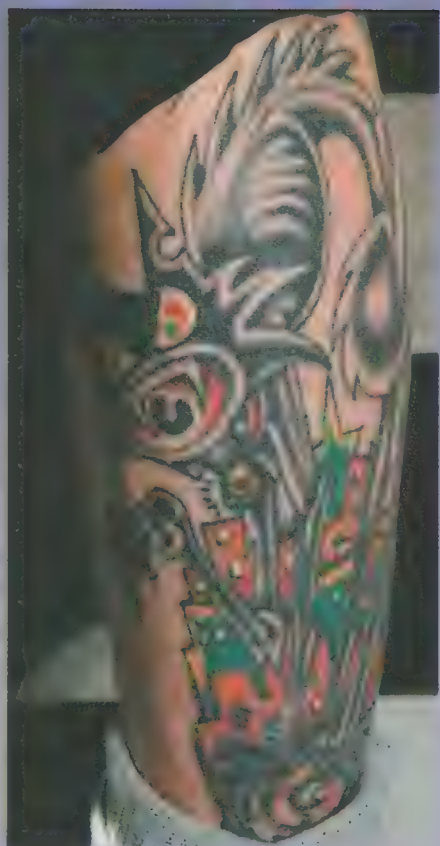
A MIRACLE

It was through a friend who cared enough to take Erno's limp, rotting carcass to General Hospital, that



Erno would have his last and final chance to live. When they reached the front door, Erno, overwhelmed by fear, turned around and left, to give himself a fix just one more time. By some divine, obscure chance, Erno returned to check himself in and would have made it, if he hadn't passed out on the doormat leading to the emergency room door. After discovering his crumpled body, the diligent staff began their frantic efforts to save *yet another pitiful junkie* that found his way there. The doctors discovered that not only did Erno have osteomyelitis (bone infection), but, he also had become septicemic. This is the medical term for total body infection. The doctors informed Erno's family that they had given up and his chances for survival were highly unlikely. It is extremely rare that anyone recovers from septicemia.

Erno slipped in and out of a coma that lasted five weeks. While he lay there helpless, his shop was cannibalized. Most of his friends had abandoned him and the rumors had begun. The doctors, through some medical miracle, were working to detoxify Erno, in the hope that he would regain consciousness. When Erno awoke, he discovered that the doctors, in their desperation to save his life, had amputated Erno's right arm just below the elbow. They had also informed him that he was opiate free for 30 days. During his coma, Erno had been completely detoxed. Mercifully, he had escaped the dreaded insanity that accompanies withdrawal from heroin addiction. The 6 ft.-3 in., 200 lb. Erno now weighed only 123 pounds. He was clean for the first time in 11 years and scared to death. All he



Leg, above, by Dan Higgs, 1984; leg top right, by Horiyoshi III, 1994; leg right, by Sailor Moses, kanji by Uncle Tim.



A collaborative piece, above, Ed Hardy did the background, Sailor Moses, Vyvyn Lazonga, Greg Irons and Mandy Flynn completed the design.



Arm, left, 1979; thigh, above, 1979 and right, 1981 all by Ed Hardy.

Erno's Story



More of Erno's life as told by his tattoos. Thigh, left, by Greg Irons, 1980. Thigh, below, Cliff Raven, 1980. Erno's backpiece, right, by Ed Hardy, 1987.



had left were a few friends who, at best, held a *guarded* concern. On December 17, 2001, Erno checked out of San Francisco's General Hospital and headed back to Philadelphia to recuperate at his mother's house.

One month later, Erno returned to San Francisco with some needed weight on his bones, but still desperately alone. He had nothing. He had no shop, no vehicle, no money and very few friends. Erno spent his next four months sofa surfing and even spent occasional nights under the stars trying to guess what disaster would finally finish him off. It was then and there that Erno decided not to stress his fragile relationships anymore, and checked himself into Walden House with six months clean. He had not used and began an intensive one-year program of recovery. He attended psycho- and group therapy sessions and met his mentor, Mike H., who still inspires Erno in his recovery.

Erno finally checked out of Walden House the following April. Armed with a new philosophy, he started making rounds of the San Francisco tattoo shops, clearing his name and giving his side of this incredible story. Erno, in January, '03, received his new prosthetic arm adorned with, of course, a Japanese

koï. Eventually, he visited every shop, not only explaining the tragedies, but, looking for his missing artifacts. It seems that the vultures, who had stripped his bones while in the coma, had spread his possessions pretty thin.

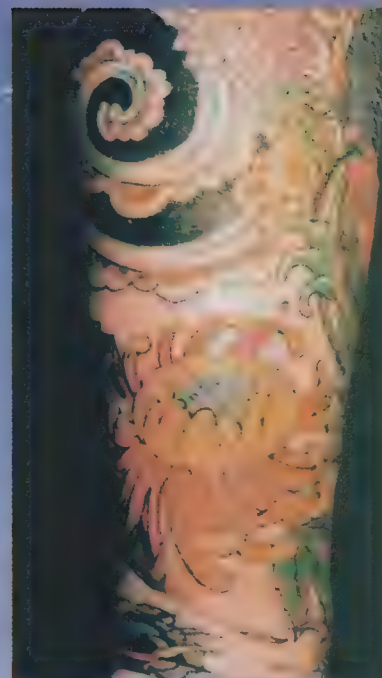
While these events transpired, unknown to Erno, action was already being taken by Mr. G. (of Triangle Tattoo in Ft. Bragg) to find a place for Erno to tattoo again. Erno hadn't tattooed for three years by now. It was the farthest thing from his mind. During a phone conversation, Mr.G. suggested Erno should call me. Mr G. and I have been friends for a few years, and he knew that we took in occasional guest artists at Studio 13, our shop in Salinas (not far from San Francisco). Since Erno had developed this new "go with the flow" attitude, he figured, why not? Working away from his old environment might do him good.

DRAMATIC DEVELOPMENTS

This is where the story gets really interesting. Mr.G. had mentioned Erno's plight in our usual phone sessions. I had heard all the rumors and was intrigued by these new developments. Years ago at the San Francisco Tattoo Tour, Erno actually offered me a job. By that time, we had already opened up Studio



Erno's San Fran shop, above, on Fillmore and Haight. His temporary tattoo collection, below.



Tattoos by Erno; left, 1980; above, 1982; below, 1979.



13. I was incredibly flattered and honored that Erno wanted me to work for him. It was because of this, that I felt I owed Erno.

So, I got a call from Erno, and we agreed to meet at the Hollister Motorcycle Rally, Friday, July 4. Studio 13 sponsors the tattoo contest every year to raise money for charity. I needed judges, and Erno would be perfect. He showed up looking fit, clean cut and handsome. I was in awe and very happy to see him in such great shape.

The contest went off without a hitch and we even had a chance to visit Bert Rodriguez and Henry Goldfield. They were working the rally as they do every year. There were hugs and smiles for everybody. Erno was not only still alive, he was back and ready to learn how to tattoo left-handed! The thought of returning to tattooing had crossed Erno's mind, but, the deadline kept getting pushed back a year. Then, another year. This time, fate forced Erno's hand.

I have an extra bedroom in the house just for guests. Erno moved in, and, the next day, he hung around the shop to get the feel of a busy tattoo environment once again. Doodling and drawing with his left hand, he chatted and got to know everybody. The energy was incredible, and we giggled like school

kids. We laughed, swapped stories and hoped the day would never end. On Sunday, Erno got the tour of our beautiful Monterey Peninsula.

Monday, July 7. We had to find a way to condition Erno's left hand for tattooing. I make tattoo machines, so I went down to the basement and dug up the worst disaster I ever came up with, a bent and welded iron machine better suited for a boat anchor. It weighed about two pounds! Perfect, I thought. We took a #2 pencil, ground off about one-eighth of an inch of wood and shoved it down the tube with the lead sticking out of the tip (like a needle). This would make a perfect conditioning tool for Erno to draw with and get used to the feel of a tattoo machine again. Like lifting weights, it had lots of resistance. I was too embarrassed to sell this monstrosity, yet I finally found a purpose for it. Erno used it to draw, every day for three days. He pisses me off, because he draws better with his left hand than I do with my right!

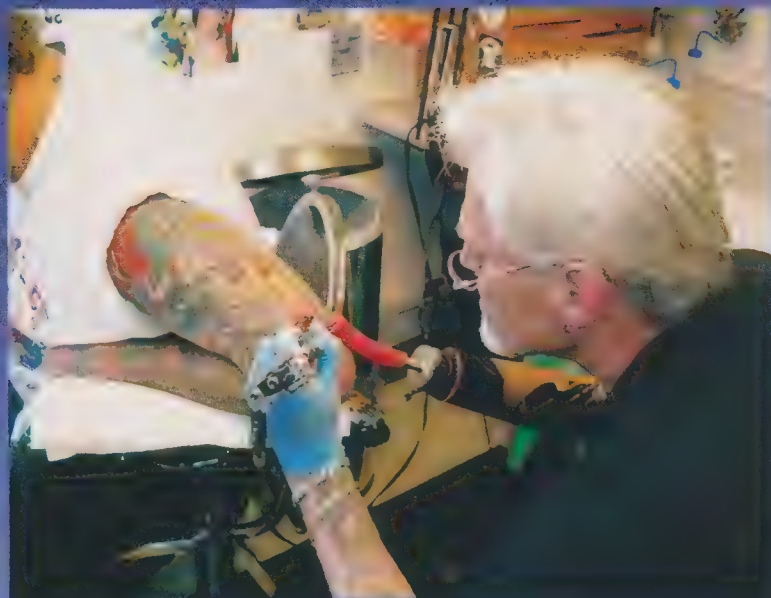
Erno's Story



Erno starts his first left-handed tattoo, right. The proud artist shows off his effort, below.



Erno's first stretching tools, top. Practicing with the "boat anchor" tattoo machine Uncle Tim made for him, above.



Erno decided that he wanted to do his first tattoo on Thursday. Our days had been filled with the crew tattooing, Erno drawing, answering the phone and helping out. At night, we schemed and brainstormed over Raisonettes. In the morning, before we opened, we schemed and brainstormed over coffee. We started thinking about using his existing hook as a stretching device. We fixed it in an open position and slid a half-inch ID gas line in between the claws. Eventually, we came up with a simple extension off his prosthetic arm that we made from a six-inch long, half-inch thick, galvanized bolt. We took the grinder and rounded off the hexagonal head and slid another piece of gas line over it, then sanded it to rough it up. We figured this would give us more traction for stretching.

Stretching the skin was the problem. If the skin is not properly stretched, the needles only bounce off and the ink doesn't get to the proper depth. Amateurs are constantly creating scar tissue from going over the skin repeatedly, trying to figure out why the ink isn't going in. They turn the skin into hamburger, and scar tissue is the end result. There have been one-handed tattoo artists before, but they were al-

ways dependent on someone to stretch the skin for them. Erno wanted to be self-sufficient. What we needed to do was design a prosthetic that would stretch the skin. We pondered this while we made another *bent* bolt. This time it would contour more comfortably to the body. Erno and I laughed about the possibility of him having a tool box from which he could pick his weapon of choice.

I think it was Tuesday night, after discussing the possibilities, I had a vision. We could design a V-shaped extension, much like the common claw type, only have it spread as it activates, rather than grasp. How would we do this? After talking it over for what seemed like hours, we decided that we would get our power from a leaning action that would force the "fingers" to open and stretch the skin just enough to get the machine in between them. This is what we came up with. We knew we were on to something. Erno had an appointment with his prosthetic engineers the following week. We didn't have enough time to build it, so we decided to let the professionals do it and use what we had. The time was drawing near.

Thursday, July 10. D-Day! Tension and excite-



Lisa gets her *kanji*, Erno's second left-handed tattoo, above. Showing off his new arm, left. His prosthetic hand, below, tattooed by Uncle Tim.



ment crackled through the air. *We should do something simple, like a kanji*, we thought. We thumbed through the Chinese dictionary and found the symbol for *recovery and return*. Perfect! I helped set up Erno and slid a glove over his left hand. He had plenty of time to relearn the mechanics of setting himself up left-handed. Today, all he had to do was tattoo. Sweat was pouring down Erno's forehead like a whore in church. He used an aluminum Danny Fowler machine I had laying around to pull his first line. After a couple of nervous balks, he shoved it right through my bones and out the other side (it sure felt like it!). Nervous and unsure, Erno scratched and bounced around my skin until, finally, after about three minutes, he found his rhythm. Twenty harrowing minutes later, it was done. *Not bad*, I thought. *Not bad at all!*

Erno's face was aglow with the color of victory. After using half a roll of paper towels to dry his face and neck, I set him up again. He tattooed the same *kanji* on Lisa, and then, I tattooed it on *him*, to seal our bond. We did everything we could think of to congratulate Erno, including a steak dinner at Dakota Jake's. He was celebrating a milestone in his life, and we were celebrating a new friendship.

Erno stuck around for a few days, after his first left-handed tattoo. He drew and told more stories. For the most part, I think, he just soaked it all in. Even though he had an open mind from the start, he honestly began to believe in himself, and, from that day forward, anything was possible.

UPDATE

Erno is still on a quest to round up his scattered possessions. Somehow, he managed to regain Santa Cruz Tattoo and is reorganizing there with his new crew. A friend of Erno's put some of his belongings in storage, while he was still in his coma. Luckily, Erno's photo collection was still intact and we were able to use some of the photos for this article. The prosthetic engineers at General Hospital were totally fired up about the stretching tool we designed, and it is being built as I write. By the time this story is printed, the stretching prosthetic will be in full use.

Erno continues to show his gratitude by speaking at jails, hospitals and teen institutions about the dangers of drug use. During this adventure and before we met again in Hollister, I have yet to hear from anybody in this trade that wishes anything, but the best for Erno. Everyone is rooting for him! ●





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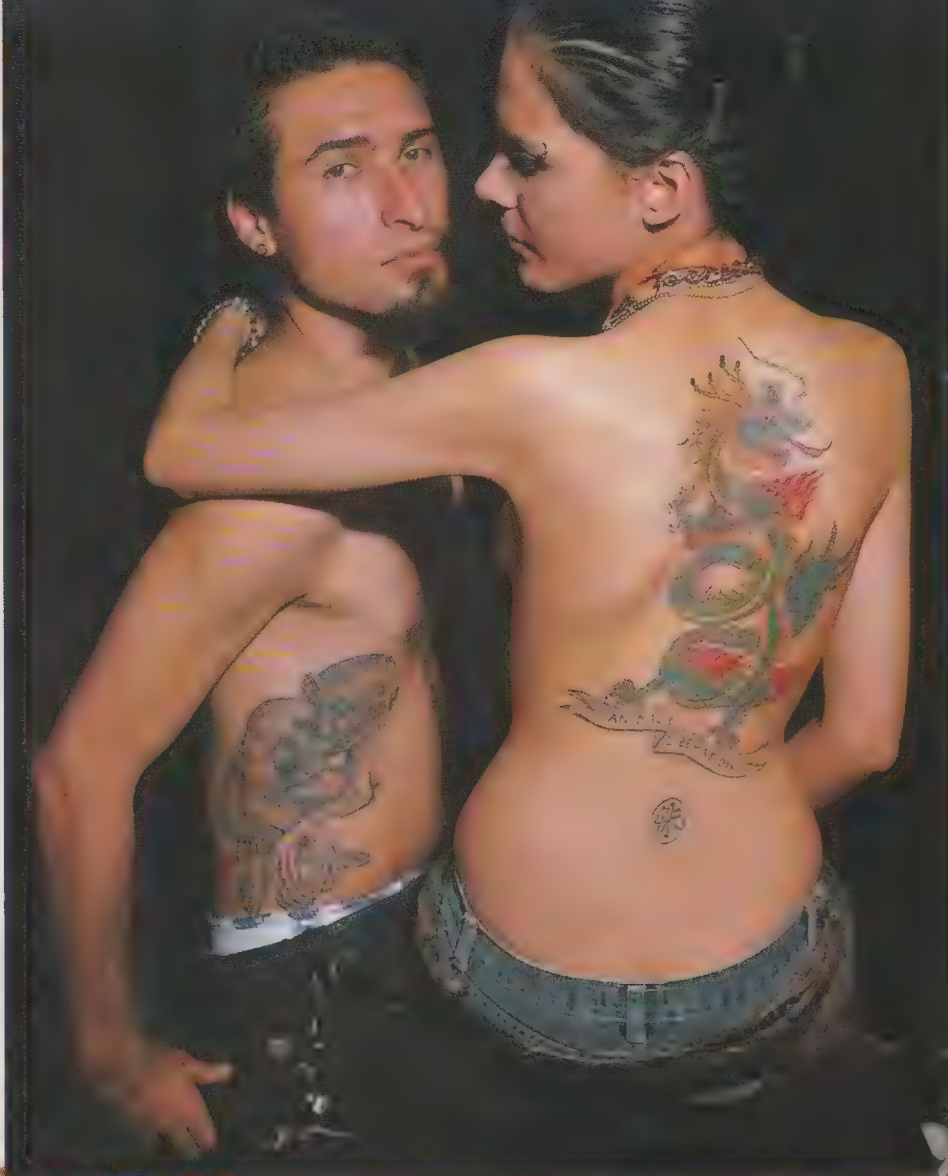
GUADALAJARA 2003
MEXICO

FECHA: 6 Y 7 DE SEPTIEMBRE
DE 10:00 A.M. A 10:00 P.M.



SALON FIESTA BUGAMBILIAS

Av. Avila Camacho No. 1567
Esq. con Enrique Díaz de León S.H.



GUADALAJARA, GUADALAJARA,

WHEN SAMMY RAMIREZ INVITED ME TO COVER his 9th Annual Expo Tatuaje Internacional Guadalajara 2003 Mexico, I envisioned myself by a beach, festooned with umbrellas and bright-red, talking parrots. Pitchers of margaritas danced in my head as roving *caballeros* sang the famous refrain, “Guadalajara, Guadalajara, Guadalajara.” Beautiful, dark-eyed señoritas licked guacamole off my sunburned fingers.

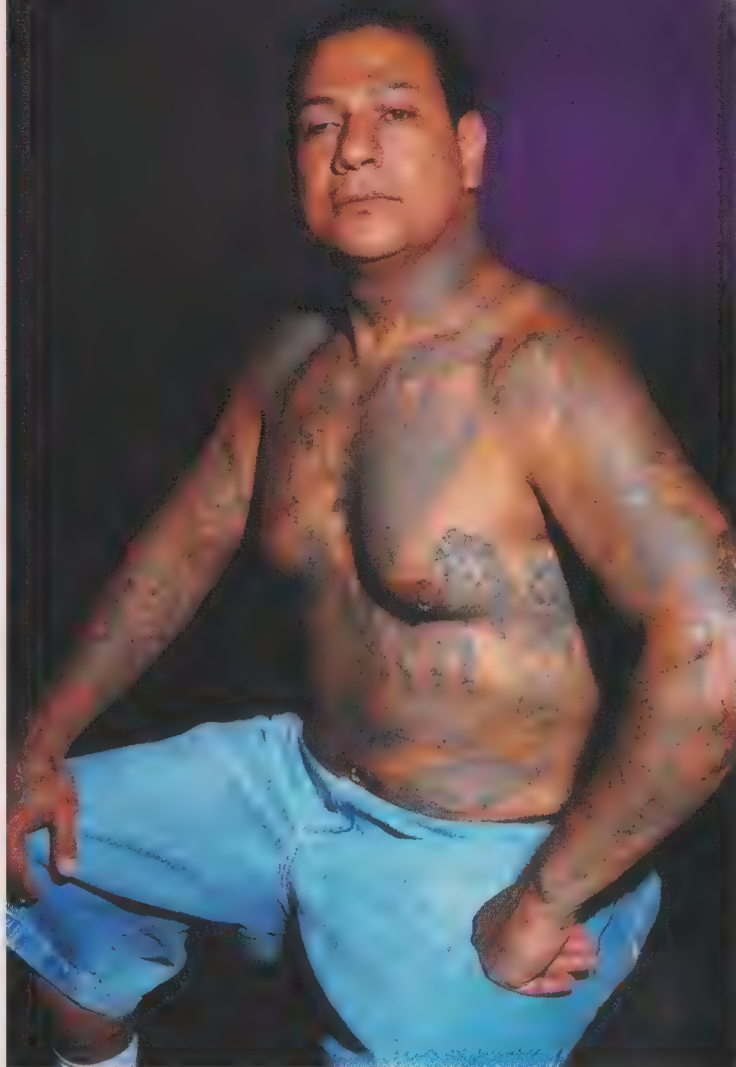
No such luck. For starters, Guadalajara is landlocked and the nearest sandy beach is a couple hours due west. And, because there’s no sumptuous 5-star hotels, forget relaxing by the Olympic-sized swimming pool. That’s right. Guadalajara may be the second largest city in Mexico, but it isn’t your typical tourist town. Sure, you’ll see extravagantly ornate cathedrals and plenty of Spanish-language street signs, but, pri-

marily, Guadalajara is a bustling, vibrant and self-sustaining community where every available inch is earmarked for commerce, from sidewalk vendors to antiquated storefronts, retail stores the size of broom closets to plazas the size of football fields. And everywhere, people, people, people.

Whatever you want—clothes, shoes, T-shirts, bottled water, aspirin tablets, socks, souvenir flags, diamond rings, cowboy boots, CDs, pint-sized sombreros, washing machines—you got it. No one sits around and waits for pesos to drop out of the clouds in Guadalajara. They’re too busy making a buck, or more accurately, pesos, which, by the way, you can exchange at about 11 to one. Yes, friends, U.S. dollars go a long way in Guadalajara. That’s the good part. The bad part is the occasional heart-wrenching poverty. A bewildered young woman with her vacant-



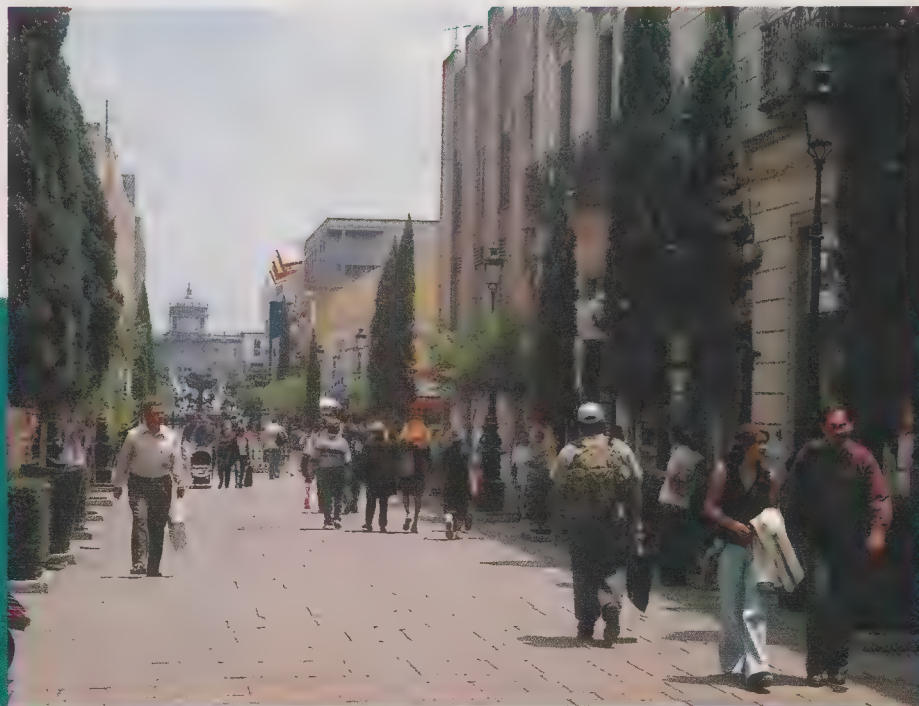
Tattooed denizens of Guadalajara, opposite and lower left. Other sights included fabulous surrealist sculpture in a plaza, above, and the museum, below. The city's main promenade, lower right.



Sammy Ramirez, our host and main man in Guadalajara, above.

GUADALAJARA!

WORDS AND
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY BOB BAXTER





GUADALAJARA, GUADALAJARA, GUADALAJARA!

eyed little boy on the staircase leading to Sammy Tattoo at Baeza Alzaga #86 was especially sobering.

THE FIRST DAY

If memory serves me, I first met Sammy Ramirez in Santa Rosa at the Tattoos & Blues. He invited me to come south of the border and, since then, Sammy e-mails me from time to time. Yes, I live in Southern California, but spend very little time in Mexico. So, when Sammy offered to buy my airline ticket, I was thrilled. Let's face it, this was the opportunity of a lifetime. What cinched the deal was my son Noah. He wanted to come along. So, with two suitcases of camera gear and Noah with his enormous duffle of tattoo equipment, we boarded Mexicana Airlines and, a couple hours later, touched down in Mexico's Pearl of the West, Guadalajara. Sammy planned it so we arrived a couple days before the actual expo. That way, we could check into the hotel, do some leisurely touristy stuff and mix and mingle with the hoi polloi.

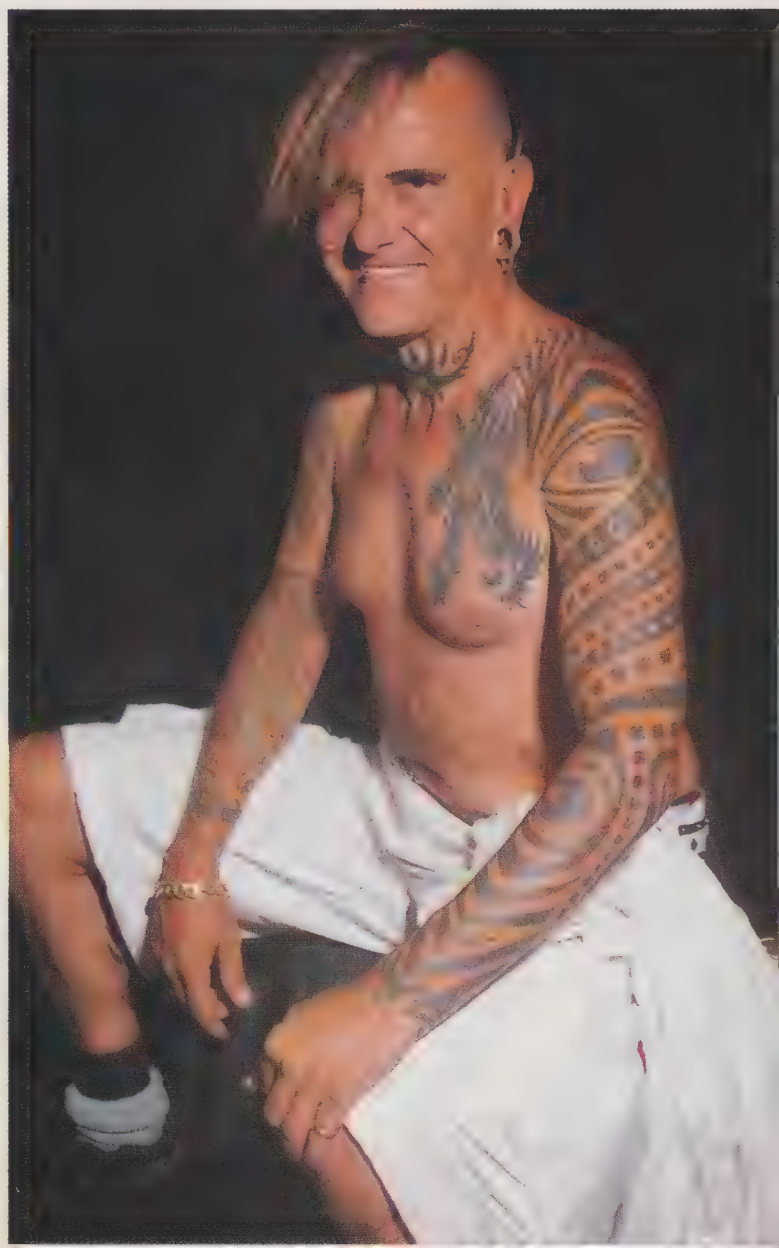
Sammy, by the way, was the perfect host. It started the minute he picked us up at the airport. Nothing was spared in making us feel at home and welcome. Yet, as accommodating as Sammy and his crew proved to be, I don't speak the lingo. For all intents and purposes, I know the Español for *restroom*, but that's about it. Thank heaven Sammy linked us up with Sasha, a likeable young Swedish tattoo artist with blond dreadlocks. Sasha spoke the language and served as our personal tour guide. We also met two sturdy blokes from Middlesex, England, and the five of us set out for a look-see of the Orozco ceiling at the local museum and a walking tour of the fast-and-furious downtown. Thanks to Sasha, we navigated the bustling esplanade, poked our noses into a couple churches (some had puzzling Masonic and Islamic symbols carved into the altars) and polished off some local *comidas* and *cervezas* near the central walkway.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Our room was clean and plain. No mint on the pillow here, just well-worn linoleum floors, a moderately comfortable mattress and an air conditioner that



Our awesome interpreter, Sasha, above. We couldn't have done it without him! A gorgeous church, above, and gorgeous tattoos on show attendants, below and opposite.





Susana Warner,
the beautiful
bullfighter, left.
The Brits, Noah
and Baxter out
on the town,
below left.



More local color.
An incredible
leg piece, far
right, and
Mexican artists,
below right.





One of the locals, Doktor Lakra, above. Incense was offered up to the Aztec gods, below, in preparation for an Aztec dance performance.

worked. Spartan and efficient. Although Sammy plunked us down in the middle of downtown (his shop was a short walk away), he had the foresight to book us rooms on "the good side of the boulevard." Unchaperoned meandering across to the opposite side, according to Sasha, was dicey at best. For disoriented tourists like us, it would only invite trouble. Being fearless and stupid, however, we headed across on the very first night. Word had it that several artists from the South American contingent were gathering at a local hangout called the

Plaza de Mariachi. The promise of camaraderie, food and Guadalajara's homebrewed tequila were more than enough to spur us on. Once across the footbridge, the plaza was a hundred yards or so up a dimly lit street which threaded its way beneath the steep, high walls of crumbling adobe buildings. The narrow scar of a street was decorated with small, dark doorways where squint-eyed locals puffed hand-rolled *cigarillos*. The siren call, of course, was the guitar music emanating from a dozen, fully-costumed mariachi bands grouped along the sidewalk. It was there they waited for customers, looking to grab attention and score some tourist pesos.

MANO Á MANO

We found ourselves in a great communal area framed with 30-foot arches. Artists appeared from all directions. As we strung together tables, a waiter brought baskets of tortillas, bowls of salsa, Victoria beer and tray after tray of tequila in thick-walled shot glasses. As soon as we took our seats, the mariachis surrounded us. Each band sported their own distinctive outfits, some gray, some black, some azure blue, plus, of course, the traditional instruments—fiddles, trumpets, guitars and tub-sized *guitarrones*. First, one group would approach our table. Then another. Each one hawking pesos for a song.

We bargained as best we could, finally getting the best price from the old guys, those



experienced old *hombres* with the weathered faces. But as soon as they kicked in with *Celito Lindo*, the young bucks two tables over blasted their trumpets and drowned them out. We hooted and hollered, but the young guys wouldn't yield. Louder and louder, back and forth it went, 'til reinforcements came. Out of nowhere, rival musicians jumped in, increasing the old guys' fire power. The tiny plaza rocked like a psychedelic battle of the bands.

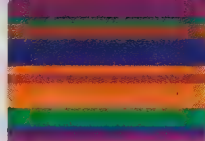
Then, right on cue, the sky turned dark and, before we could finish off our drinks, rain poured down, cascading off the roof like a waterfall. Dressed in flimsy T-shirts, Noah, Sasha, the Brits from Middlesex, mysterious Doktor Lakra and the kick-ass lads from Lancaster, Mike Pike and Jojo Ackerman, made a run for it. Caught without umbrellas or rain gear, we charged down the street like escaped convicts, clambered across the footbridge and dashed for cover. Like a litter of half-drowned puppies, we stumbled up to a sidewalk taco stand—just a card table and small-time vendor with his jerry-rigged hotplate. What an aroma. Sizzling *carnitas*, hot off-the-grill tortillas and bowls of freshly chopped cilantro. Tons of onions and home made *pico de gallo*—all for 50 pesos. Screw the rain, we'd found heaven.

GROOVIN' ON NIGHTLIFE

The day before the expo, we rented two carriages and clip-clopped through the surrounding neighborhoods. The quality of architecture improved the farther we traveled from midtown. We saw splendid, white pillared edifices and tony-looking outdoor cafes decorated with well dressed señoritas with shiny, pulled-back hair and designer frocks. And, once again, were the fabulously ornate churches with sprawling plazas full of pilgrims and apartment complexes in bright yellow, electric blue and purple.

At night, we grabbed a cab and followed directions to a pre-event party, sponsored, of course, by Sammy Ramirez. It was held behind a slender doorway at the corner of two darkened streets lined with cars parked bumper to bumper. Tattooed bodies were the ticket of admission, as we entered the gloom. Once our eyes became accustomed to the dark, we spotted many fa-





GUADALAJARA, GUADALAJARA, GUADALAJARA!

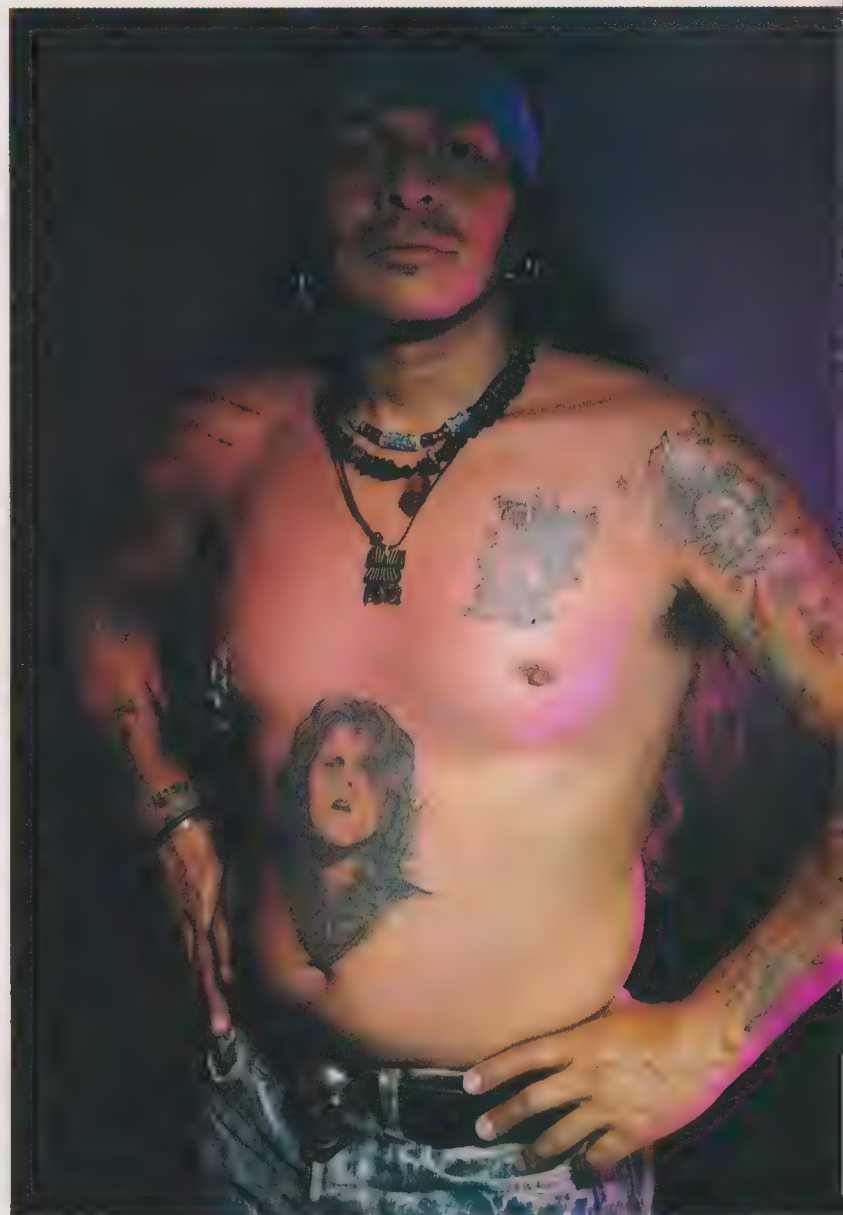
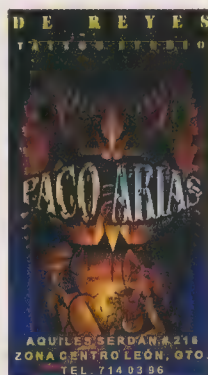
miliar faces from the Latin American tattoo scene, but none more welcoming than Sammy Ramirez himself. Parked at long, inviting tables were probably two hundred artists from shops like Hoyo Fonky, Tatuajes de Reyes, Arte Primitivo, Dragon Lance, Máquinas el Don, Dermafilia and Acrilos de Fuego. I shook hands with the guys from Germany's Tribal Moon and Hermanos Gody from Calgary, Canada. Tattoo 506 from San José, Costa Rica, Acid Art from Córdoba, Argentina, and even Divinity Tattoo from Scottsdale, Arizona, and Gorilla Glass from Northampton, Massachusetts, made the trip. It was a mad swirl of people, beer and camaraderie all caught up in the sound of the best cover band I've heard in years. Three guys from Tijuana doing Led Zeppelin, Cream, Mark Knopfler and Beatles hits simply blew the room away. It was a great party. Everybody hugging, happy to be in Guadalajara, toasting the pirate lifestyle.

Even the little things were cool, like being picked up after midnight by the hotel van, speeding through rain-slick streets, with partygoers spilling out onto the sidewalks, calling out, enticing us as we sped by through the rain. Cross-dressers, ladies with fruit on their heads, mustachioed *pistoleros*—all of it outrageous and surprising. Even the simple act of arriving at the hotel and heading for that sidewalk taco stand with its smell of *carnitas* and cilantro—so sensory, so different, so *fabuloso*.

THE EXPO TATUAJE

The hall was big enough for a couple basketball courts and a roller rink thrown in. It was a huge room with low-watt light bulbs and a concert-sized stage with a state-of-the-art sound system. For those familiar with the tattoo scene, there was the usual long, long double row of vendors (maybe 100) with an impromptu kitchen at one end, making deep-fried tacos and dealing ice cold beer and bottled water. If that didn't suit you, walk down the street for flame-broiled chicken, a pile of rice like a haystack and a room temperature Coke for about a buck.

A compelling energy filled the room. Each booth was abuzz with activity, artists from two continents work-

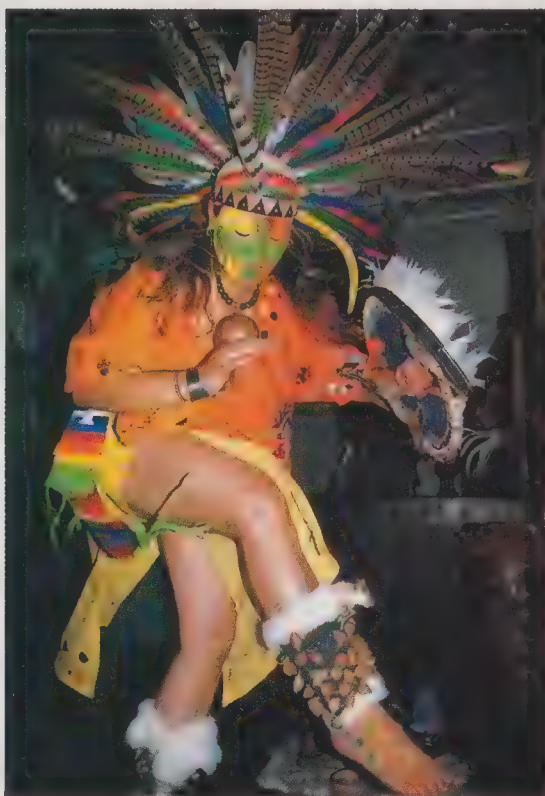
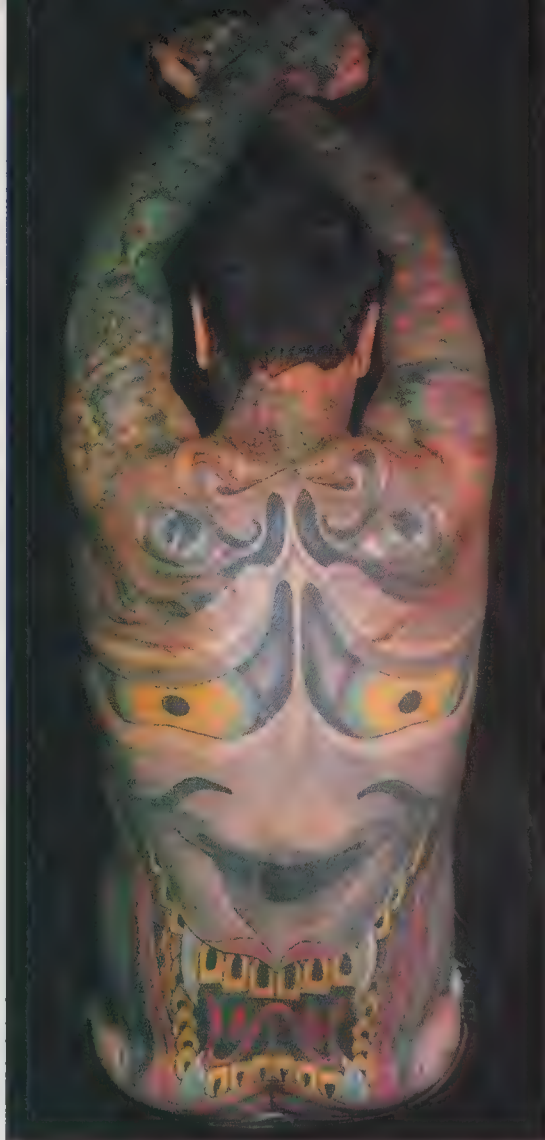


Mike Pike, left, extolling the virtues of his tattoo machine.





Checking out the sights, above. An Aztec dancer performs in the expo hall, below right. Tattoos of all shapes and sizes adorned aficionados in attendance at the show.



Some tattoos
by Filip Leu,
right. Tattoo
Lou and Kim,
far right.



The ceiling of
the Orozco
chapel, left.
JoJo Ackerman
checking out
some local
flash, right.



ing squint-eyed in the dim light. The electricity was an adventure in itself. At one point, when his flickering fluorescents became useless, Noah slipped the glass from his portable light table, tipped it on its side and used that for illumination. Yeah, it got worse, but that was part of the experience. On the last afternoon, everything blew. Lots of artists were right in the middle of a tattoo. The breakers fried six times in a row. Ah, the joys of Mexico.

Noah, Jojo and Mike Pike realized pretty quick in the game that US\$50 for a tattoo was a lot for this crowd. Mike even said, "I'm not here to make money. I'm just here to have fun." He's right, I don't think you go to an event like this to get rich. The experience is the thing. Being part of history and all. But, in most cases, the artists were working and Noah did six or seven tattoos himself, over the two days. In fact, when the lights went out, he was in the middle of an elegant inside-the-lip name in script.

THE SMELL OF INCENSE

I am not an avid fan of piercing, so when Sammy's crew began erecting a huge proscenium scaffolding for suspending three people on eight-inch meat hooks (one by her knees, for God's sake!), I hid out at the opposite end of the hall. That's when I first smelled incense. And heard the drums. The next thing I know, a fully-costumed band of Aztec dancers bristling with feathers, painted faces, bells on their ankles and throbbing deer-hide drums began circling the arena. They stopped at every booth, dousing the air and tattoo machines with clouds of incense. There were six, maybe eight dancers, pounding the floor with their bare feet, sustaining the mad, swirling, spinning energy at fever pitch for more than an hour

while they completed the circuit, ending in a gyrating mass at the edge of the stage. The drums grew louder, faster and more intense. The dancers spun like dervishes—and, as if by a signal, through the eerie blue light, the figures began to float. Slowly, ever so slowly, they turned the crank. With sound and color

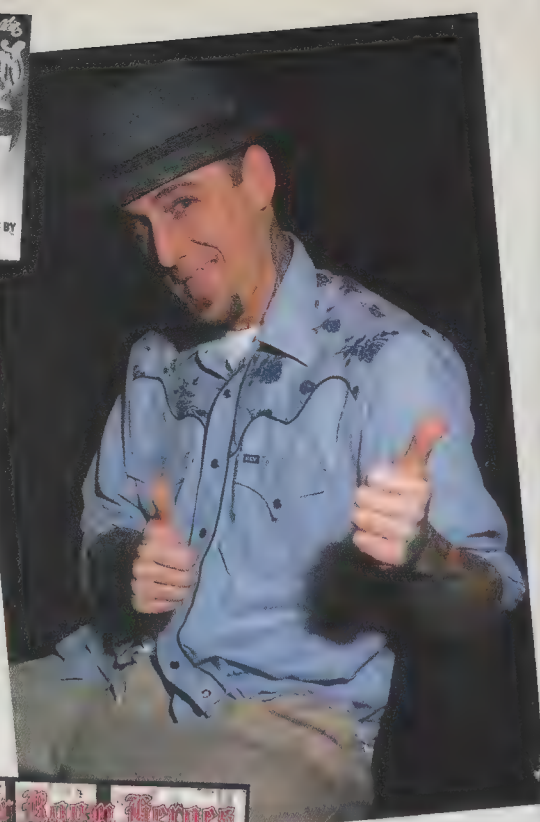
and the huge crowd pressing forward, the suspended figures and the incense and the dancers intertwined, making crazy, logical, blood-curdling sense of it all. I sat on the floor, aiming my camera blindly, hoping to capture even a glimpse of that mind-boggling event—beyond time, beyond imagination, beyond comprehension. Wow, what a show!

BETTER ALL THE TIME

The tattooing in Mexico has improved substantially over the last few years. Most of the shops follow a sterile chain of events and, as mainstream magazines filter in, there's better role models. With a lack of expendable income, you don't see a lot of guys and gals walking the aisles, sporting thousands of dollars worth of ink, like you do in the States. Mostly, it's a little piece here and a little piece there. That's why the locals come to a convention like this, to get quality work at negotiable prices. Except for the few burgeoning stars like Doktor Lakra, Mexico and South America are still catching up to the U.S. and Western Europe. For starters, getting equipment is a pain. Most U.S. suppliers won't take the risk. But it's getting better. Mexican artists, for the most part, realize the importance of sterilization and using new needles, but, at this show, anyone could buy tattoo machines, no questions asked. Mike Pike only sold his machines to pros, but the locals didn't scrutinize their customers. I wish someone would put a stop to that. Tattooing without guidelines is both counter-productive and dangerous. Maybe Sammy could set an important precedent by establishing basic rules for selling equipment at his expos and, while he's at it, put some bigger light bulbs in the sockets, so the artists can see what they're doing.

Hey, I don't want to be some tight-ass American coming down to show everyone how to run their events. I had a fantastic time and where else could I run into a beautiful female bullfighter named Susana with a scar from a bull's horn on her cheek or those killer photographic images from Lou Bumpus? Instead, I want to encourage Sammy Ramirez to keep up the good work and, above all, keep hammering away at the best artists in the world to visit his next Expo Tatuaje. The more this vibrant, emerging tattoo scene comes in contact with the international legends of the business, the more these enthusiastic and talented Latinos will improve and grow. And, isn't that what it's all about? ●

Note: Sammy Ramirez can be reached at sammy@sammytattoo.com.



The lucky one, above, with a business card, his band's CD cover and some flash.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. LUCKY

BY BOB BAXTER

I FIRST MET LUCKY AT THE TEXAS TATTOO JAM IN EL PASO. EVERYONE KEPT TELLING ME ABOUT THE AMAZING TRADITIONAL-STYLE ARTIST OVER IN JACK RUDY'S BOOTH. I FIGURED, IF HE WORKS FOR JACK HE MUST BE GOOD. THAT'S A VERY GOOD RULE TO FOLLOW. FOLLOWING ED HARDY'S DICTUM THAT THE OLD IS BECOMING NEW AGAIN, TRADITIONAL-STYLE TATTOOING IS MAKING AN ENERGETIC COMEBACK AS YOUNG TATTOOISTS RETURN TO THE ROOTS, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO ADAPT STYLES OF ART THAT WORK BETTER ON CANVAS THAN SKIN. ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THIS COMEBACK IS GOOD TIME CHARLIE'S YOUNG PACESETTER MR. LUCKY.

BOB BAXTER: Do they call you Lucky, Mr. Lucky—?

MR. LUCKY: I get Lucky. I get Mr. Lucky. That's about it.

BB: Where did the name come from?

ML: It was a joke. It came from the guy I was apprenticed under. I was completely jinxed, that's where it came from. It was one of those weeks where everything that could go wrong went wrong. Either I crashed a car, knocked something over, got a flat tire—you name it, whatever



INTERVIEW WITH **MR. LUCKY**

happened, happened. The joke around the shop was, "We ought to call you Mister Lucky."

BB: What were you called before that?

ML: Good lookin'.

BB: How long have you been tattooing?

ML: Six years. I started out at the Pike at Bert Grimm's. I was a helper. I was in a custom car club and was getting tattooed there quite regularly. Hangin' out with Scully, an artist down there. It turns out he was getting ready to leave and go to another shop and was taking a helper with him. So, Randy Harris hired me right on the spot to kind of spite them. He told him, "We don't need you anyway. We'll just hire a kid off the street who doesn't know anything." It was that

me. I wasn't doing anything with them anyway. I wasn't setting the world on fire with tattooing by any means. So, I began learning. I kept my eyes open. I learned how to scrub the shitter really well.

BB: Did you do that right-handed or left-handed?

ML: I'm ambidextrous. I did a lot of cleaning at Bert Grimm's, I tell you that. I learned how to clean very well. And I learned how to get yelled at very well. I hated it, hated it. Completely hated it. But I look back now and it's the best thing that ever happened to me, having a traditional apprenticeship.

BB: How long were you there before you laid in your first tattoo?

ML: I was there about a year. I was doing everything a traditional apprentice does,

n't understand why sometimes they were so hard on me, but I appreciate it now.

BB: Did you have artistic training?

ML: I've always drawn. I was the kid who was always drawing in school. I'd make little thumbnails that would help me remember my notes. I also took some standard art classes. Nothing special. At community college I took graphic design classes. Everything helps. It kept me drawing.

BB: You said that technically you hit a brick wall, but when I look at your traditional designs I think of you as one of the few people that didn't hit a brick wall and decided to stay and grow within the style.

ML: From the beginning, traditional was kind of shoved down my throat, being at Bert Grimm's. I didn't realize there were any other styles out there. We had Jack Rudy flash on the wall, but, besides that, it was pretty much Bob Shaw or Greg Irons, Phil Simms—just the traditional stuff. I thought that was pretty much it. That was tattooing.

BB: So, what went wrong technically? Colors dropped out, lines dropped out?

ML: It was a little bit of everything. I thought I was okay—I just needed someone looking over my shoulder, breaking it down and telling me why things were happening. Why the line work looked like this or shade it like that. When I started at Bert Grimm's, I rarely used black shading. But, because of them helping, I learned how important it was to have that black in the design and what that does to the tattoo. They acted like they weren't helping, but you know that they were. They wanted to act like hard asses and give me a hard time, especially in front of people. They would yell at me, "Helper!" And as soon as I'd run out, they'd like make fun of me in front of people. But maybe a half hour later they would ask me, "You know why I'm doing this? Do you know why I'm laying this color underneath this?" They'd drop me a little knowledge here and there. They were helping me, especially Randy.

BB: How long were you there?

ML: A little over a year. Then Randy

I HAD SCRATCHED, DONE A FEW TATTOOS WITH SOME HOMEMADE MACHINES, BUT I HAD COMPLETELY GIVEN UP. I WAS AT THAT POINT WHERE I NEEDED HELP.

quick. Scully told Randy and Randy turns around to me and says, "Hey, you want a job?" That was it.

BB: Did you know anything about tattooing?

ML: I had scratched, done a few tattoos with some homemade machines, but I had completely given up. I was at that point where I needed help. I just couldn't do it on my own. It was like, this isn't that hard, but the tattoos weren't coming out as well as I had drawn them. I thought, *How hard could it be?* But, after a few, I pretty much threw in the towel. I had never thought about continuing. I was just hangin' at the shop.

BB: You ran into a brick wall technique-wise? What changed that?

ML: Once I got offered the spot at Bert Grimm's, I gave my machines to Randy and he said he'd give them back to me when I deserved them. That was fine with

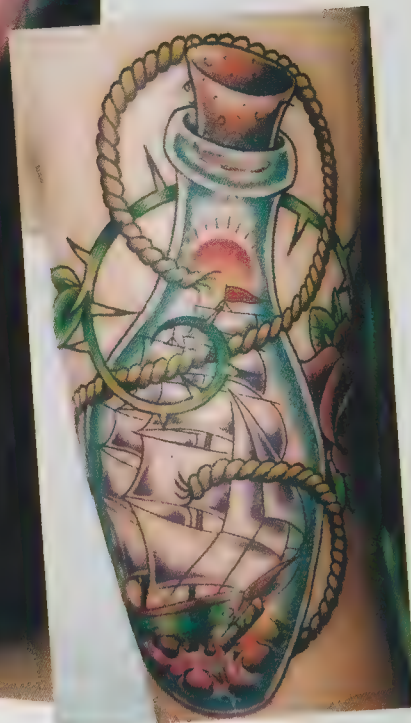
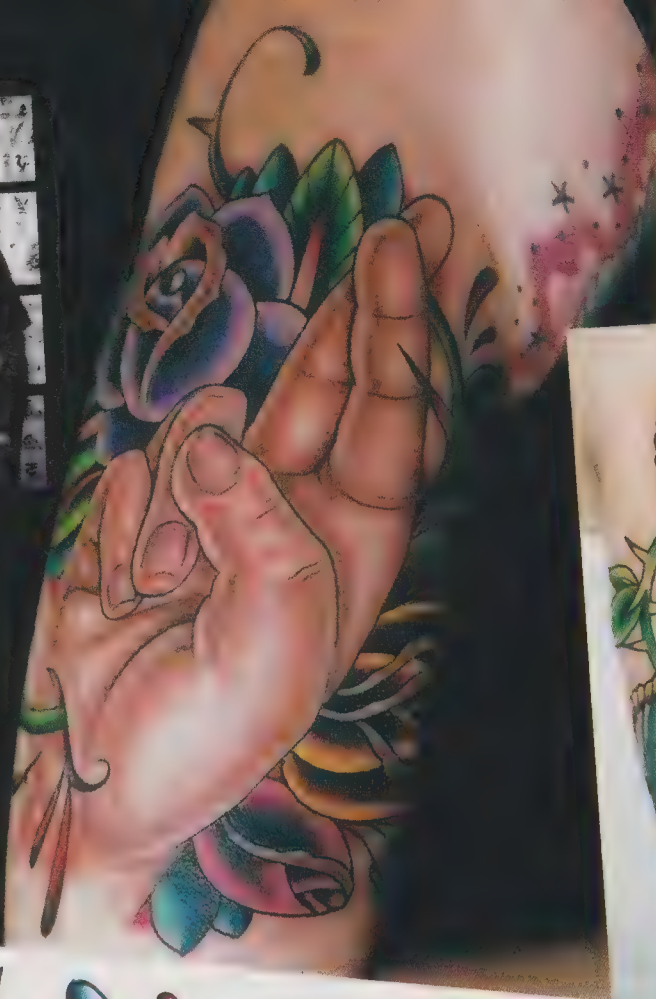
from cleaning to stuff that made absolutely no sense to me. But when asked why, they'd say, "Ask one more time and you're fired." I was getting \$20. Twenty bucks a day, tax free. So, after a year, I learned almost as much what not to do rather than what to do. I watched every tattoo that was put on. I went into work early and got my work done, made sure the shop was okay, so, that way, I could watch tattooing. I wasn't allowed to ask too many questions, so I just pulled up a chair for everything. I'd watch a name being done, and I'd watch it over and over and over. That way, I started to figure easier ways to do things. I put two and two together and figured things out.

ML: Whom did you watch?

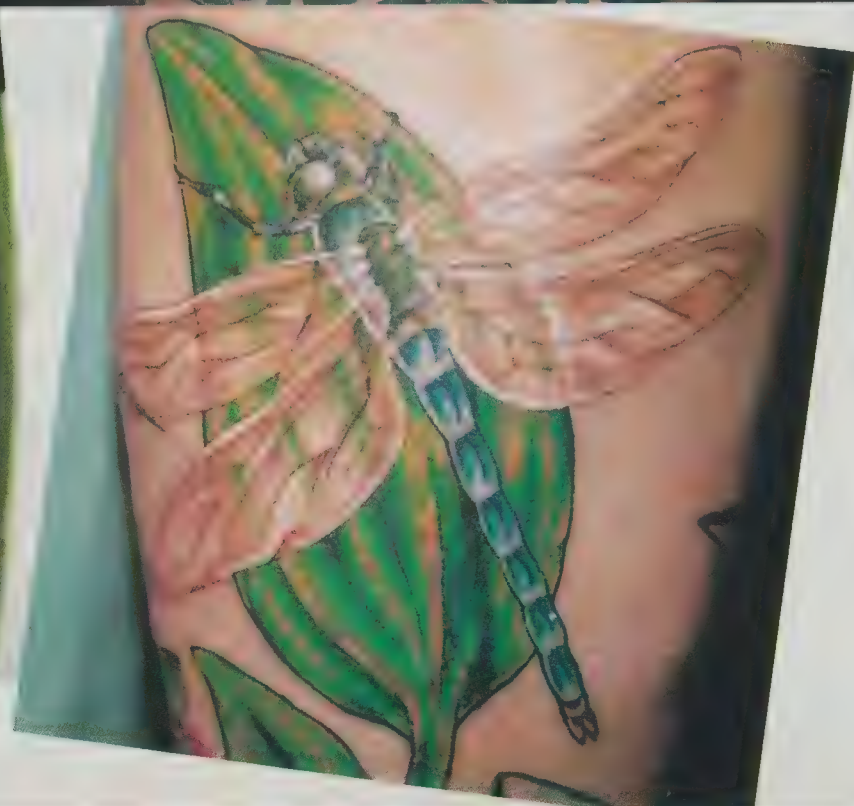
BB: Randy Harris and Doug Stewart. We called him Mule Boy. Rick Walters was on the day shift. We worked nights. I usually hung out after my shift and Rick was always good to me. For \$20, I could-



From left: Lucky,
Bobby Shaw and
Rick Walters.



GOOD TIME CHARLIE'S
SO. CAL.
TATTOOLAND



INTERVIEW WITH **MR. LUCKY**

went to Autumn Moon, working for Donovan, and I went with him. I was able to do a few tattoos out of the back room. Once Donovan saw a few of my tattoos, he offered me a few days. That's where I first had days. Donovan was always great to me.

BB: Where was that shop.

ML: Here in Anaheim. I was there for two years. While I was working for Donovan, Rick Walters called and heard I was having shifts. I guess they were having problems down at the Pike and asked me to fill in a few days. I asked Donovan if that was all right, and so I worked both shops for a while. Maybe about a year. I worked off and on at Bert Grimm's throughout my whole career, except when I've been here at Good Time Charlie's. I've been here about a year and a half. At the Pike they were kind of wary of who they gave to keys to, but when they were having a problem or somebody didn't work out, they would call. I was the pinch hitter.

BB: You had a good experience, but do you think, generally, that tattooists are helpful to people getting started?

ML: I think the people that don't really help anybody are the people that are insecure about their abilities. One guy that I was a helper for didn't help me out a bit, but it made me try harder. He didn't want another kid coming up and doing what he's doing. We're so lucky that we're doing what we're doing. It almost seems a crime that we get to tattoo and there are people out there swinging hammers in the hot sun for a living.

BB: Do you think today's customer is better informed?

ML: Totally. People are researching their artists. Researching what they want to put on themselves and going for much better pieces. It used to be like a swap meet, people didn't care what they got as long as it cost \$50. But now, you get what you pay for. On the other hand, I think some people are looking just for superstars, so they can say they have a tattoo by such-and-such person. You see these bands that are sleeved in a year.

They have one tattoo on their legs and they're going straight to the neck or straight to the hands and no body work. It blows my mind.

BB: Do you have customers that keep coming back?

ML: From the beginning, even though I wasn't setting the world on fire, I'd see people go through a lot of trouble to find me, or wait a year to find me. That's a real compliment to the relationship I have with them. Let's face it, in Orange County there's 69 tattoo shops, plus four or five artists each shop. It's so easy to walk to the next shop.

BB: Who are the artists you look up to?

ML: I'm so blown away to be working with Jack Rudy, to be able to do a different style of tattooing. Not that I wanted to do fineline. I just wanted to be a well-rounded tattoo artist. He's very helpful. He calls me "son," and grabs his little red pencil, like he's grading it. And everyone else here is doing so many different styles. At other shops, everyone does the same thing. You could be tattooed by anyone and it wouldn't make any difference. It would be difficult to tell who did the tattoo. Here, I can go to Stan Cronin or Little Chris or Rob or Bucky or Jeff Harp. Everyone has their style and will drop what they're doing to help. I've learned so much in the last year. The vibe is terrific.

BB: What else do you do with your life?

ML: I play drums in a band called the Barroom Heroes, and that takes up a good portion of my time. I work five days and the remaining two are taken up with the band, playing straight-ahead rock and roll. You've got to see our CD cover. It's got Rick Walters on the front doing a boxing pose. I stay plenty busy. I get to come here, meet new people, hang out with my friends, listen to music, create. I doesn't really get better than that. ●





Woodstock Chamber of Commerce, above. Note the Tattoo Festival Poster next to door. Left, the '60s live in Woodstock!



SKIN & INK VISITS

THE FIRST-EVER WOODSTOCK TATTOO & BODY ARTS FESTIVAL

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAURY ENGLANDER

LETS GET ONE THING CLEAR: The Great Woodstock Music Festival, that famous gathering of half a million of the music faithful back in 1969, renowned in legend and lore, that great confluence and mass comingling that became synonymous with Flower Power and the counterculture of the '60s did NOT happen in Woodstock.

The fact is, it didn't even happen anywhere near Woodstock!

True, it was supposed to happen in Woodstock, New York, but, at the last minute, the voice of the chicken hearted was heard! The town's elders freaked out at the thought of hordes of unwashed stoners descending upon their fair hamlet. Inflamed by fears of having to hide away their women folk and barricading

their homes to defend against the impending invasion, the self-righteous pricks canceled the permit for the festival. However, as the story goes, good fortune and karma appeared in the form of a farmer named Max Yaskar. Max volunteered his cow pasture. So, the festival actually ended up happening on Max's farm near the town of Bethel, New York, NOT WOODSTOCK! Bethel is 60 miles away from Woodstock. The only thing Woodstock contributed was the name. And the rest is history. I know all this for a fact, on account of I was there in 1969! And I have never looked at mud quite the same since.

I am mentioning this bit of history for two reasons: First, during the Woodstock Tattoo and Body Arts Festival weekend, I

was amazed at all the visitors asking to see the exact spot where the legendary music festival had been held. Second, and more to the point, this flashback (if that is the right word) just might give you an idea of what organizer Bruce Bart faced when he proposed his weekend-long tattoo festival to those same town elders who pooh-poohed it more than three decades previous. Or maybe he was proposing it to their kids?

My memories of the town of Woodstock go back a bit. I spent several summers working as a counselor in a kids camp in the area. Back then, Woodstock had a reputation as an artists' town, which translated as a cool place to spend days off. I have vague images of sipping beer at one of the outdoor cafes and trying



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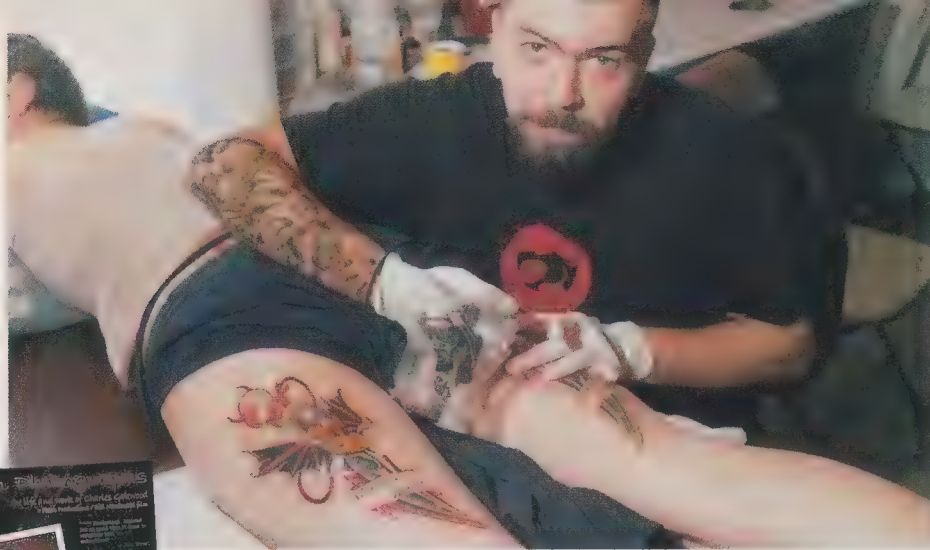
April's back by Mike Kiril, right. The cool magic bus, below.



Christina Varga, right, owner of the Varga Gallery, one of the venues of the weekend, who went to great lengths to help promote the weekend.



THE FIRST-EVER WOODSTOCK TATTOO & BODY ARTS FESTIVAL



Clockwise from above: artist Dave Teitler, Kickass Tattoo adorns the leg of Kristan McCluskey; flyer from Charles Gatewood's show; the lovely tattooist Miss Nico from Germany and the lovely piece on the leg of the equally lovely Melanie; despite the fact that the Woodstock Music Festival of 1969 happened 60 miles from the town of Woodstock because Village Elders wussed out on giving them a permit, townies are still trying to make a buck on it.



a bunch of folks of all ages zoning out on their drums.

Very cool. Oh, and there's also no law against public nudity!

On the other hand, the moneyed gentry are very much in evidence. The carefully preserved building facades now cover trendy (read that as *expensive*) shops. The old coffee houses where Bob Dylan scribbled his song lyrics on napkins are long gone. Real estate offices outnumber art galleries. And, so it goes.

wonderful times. Many tattoo events manage to be interesting, but you'll have to admit, there's a set pattern to the way organizers put 'em together.

Bruce Bart was apparently clueless about what others folks do. Or maybe he'd been to too many that didn't make it for him. In any case, he went ahead and planned one the way it should be.

For openers, the scope of the weekend was unlike anything attempted before. Instead of congregating at a single location, the festivities were spread over an entire town! Locations ranged from the Town Hall to the showroom of the local Harley dealership. Music was supplied by 48 different bands. Yeah, 48! All this at half-a-dozen indoor and outdoor stages around town. Woodstock's art galleries mounted special events and exhibits at five different locations. One gallery even produced a spectacular edition of prints to commemorate the weekend.

The local movie theater, the Tinker Street Cinema, hosted an entire weekend of tattoo-related films, billed as the Skin Flix Fest! Between film showings were on-stage lectures and demonstrations. Filmmakers and speakers included Alix Lambert, Bill DeMichele, Charles Gatewood, Mike McCabe, Keith Alexander, Clayton Patterson, Joe Coleman and Lyle Tuttle. Authors among this group also were also scheduled at the Varga Gallery to autograph copies of their books. This was a great chance to meet some of tattoo's best in a single weekend.

very hard to look artistic. And, if it went well, returning to camp the next morning with a baggie of joy to share with less fortunate staff members. Times were simpler then.

The town today is still pretty cool looking. Strict zoning laws have preserved the lovely old buildings and have kept out the likes of McDonald's, Starbucks and the Gap and put a lid on the creeping meatballism that's consumed many other towns.

Woodstock also capitalizes on the idea that the '60s are still alive and well. The Village Green in the town center hosts peace vigils and provides a backdrop for resident retro-hippies to pose for tourist snapshots. And don't forget the weekly Drum Circle. Nobody could tell me how it started, but, for the last 20 or 30 years, folks have shown up with their drums every Sunday afternoon. And for a few hours, they collectively beat out communal rhythms. No leaders. No panhandling. Just

THE FESTIVAL

Back to the Woodstock Tattoo Festival. It's clear that, when he started planning this shindig, organizer Bruce Bart had no idea what a garden-variety tattoo festival is supposed to be like. I mean, we all know the formula: Tattoo conventions are held in a hotel that charges too much and has terrible food. The tattoo activities are held in a large, drafty ballroom with dim lighting. Then there's a bar with a single bartender who can't cope with the crowd and lets every one know how unhappy he is. Sometimes there's another, hipper watering hole down the road, but nobody finds it until they're ready to leave. And, by then, who cares. Add a local garage band that plays loud enough to make conversation impossible, toss in a few problems with the air-conditioning/heating system and that pretty well completes the picture.

That doesn't mean there aren't some



Left, a painted porch. Below, somewhere up this path is the entrance to Mountainview Studio, one of the tattoo artist locations. Right, Michelle's back graced by a Giger design done by Keavan Rivers.



And then there was the extensive list of tattoo artists booked for the weekend. Alphabetically, they included Adal, Andrea Anderson, Eric Anderson, Scott Bakoss, Damien Bart, Phil Bartell, Batman, Chip Beam, Mike Bellamy, Ron Bianco, Steve Boltz, Boz, John "Sniper" Brown, Shawn Brown, Mike Canman Cannistrano, Tommy Lee "Sketch" Carter, Gabriel Cece, Bobby Chichester, Jon Clue, Anthony Coccunrullo, Nate Cook, Jason Cunniffe, Miss D'Jo, Brian Decker, Don Demers, Daniel DiMattia, Mike Dorsey, Brady Duncan, Tommy Dycus, Kristen Gerace, Joseph "Joey" Germinario, Ghost, Tanya "Pink" Goldberg, Elizabeth Haggerty, Tom Harley, Tommy Heim, Dana Helmuth, Monica Henk, Dan Henk, James Hughes, Rob Hunt, Justin Jakus, Jawsh, Albert "Jeff" Jeffers, Jared Jordan, Jude, Jimmy Needles, Bruce Kaplan, Mike Kirk, Jef Kap, Bert Krak, Kristen, Pete Kugel, Mike Leggero, Jason Leigh, Michael Lewandowski, Justin LiPuma, Mike Lacasio, Joel Long, Mark Longenecker, Josh Maier, Mike Maney, Benjamin Mannarino, Marky Mark, T-Bone Martin, Eric Mermagen, Edward Molina, Chris Napolitano, Needles, Joe "Newt" Newton, Nico, Novi, Tony Olivas, Bagio Pagliarulo, Big Joe Phillips, Anthony Riccardo, Matt Rinks, Ruler, Eric Ryan, Robert Scarpatti, Casey Schwartz, Dwayne Shannon, John Shea, Sukoshi Sills, Erik Siuda, Chris Slota, Brian Smith, Rene Soto, James Spiers, Jason

H. Stowell, Rich T., Bobbi T., Jeff Tasker, Dave Tedder, Jason Tortel, Joe Truck, Sieto Van Der Velde, Rich Verdino, Dylan Weeks, Missy Wiest, D. Willy, Joel "Doc" Yager and Jason Yonush.

All in all, the festival covered a total of 17 different locations. If you were looking to be tattooed, you would find artists at work in the back rooms of bars, on hotel balconies, in private dining rooms and even the showroom of the Woodstock Harley-Davidson!

Dig this: Bruce got the Woodstock Chamber of Commerce to help promote the weekend and then persuaded the newly supportive town elders to let him use the Town Hall for the event! And just to make sure folks could get around to the different areas, organizers chartered a fleet of school buses to run shuttle service between different venues. Finally, they got the Woodstock Police Department, the local Sheriff's office and the State Police on board, along with making sure the appropriate EMS and emergency vehicles were on hand.

JOYS TO SEE

The Gods of Tattoo were definitely smiling down on the revelers. All week the weather had been overcast, rain was threatening and a cold front invaded the neighborhood. But, on Friday, the sun broke through and it was shorts and T-shirt weather all weekend. Arriving in town, I found Bruce's tattoo shop, the

Woodstock Tattoo Company, which also served as the coordinating center for the weekend. I collected my passes, a bunch of colored wrist bands, an excellent printed guide to the weekend's events and a map to show me where everything was. It was then that I had my first problem: Where to begin? Keep in mind, there were 17 different sites, with most of the stuff happening at the same time!

Someone at the shop mentioned that there was a naked lady at the Varga Gallery. That seemed as good a place as any to start out. Also, according to the schedule, I could get some shots of Mike McCabe and Keith Alexander autographing their books there.

Not knowing how the shuttle bus deal worked, I schlepped out to the Varga Gallery, which, of course, was at other end of town. There was indeed a naked lady. She turned out to be Christina Varga, the gallery owner, decked out in not much more than body paint.

So far so good.

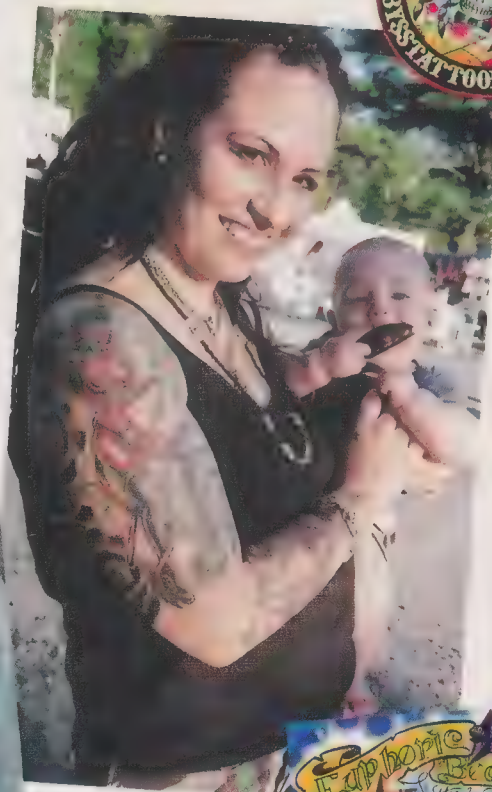
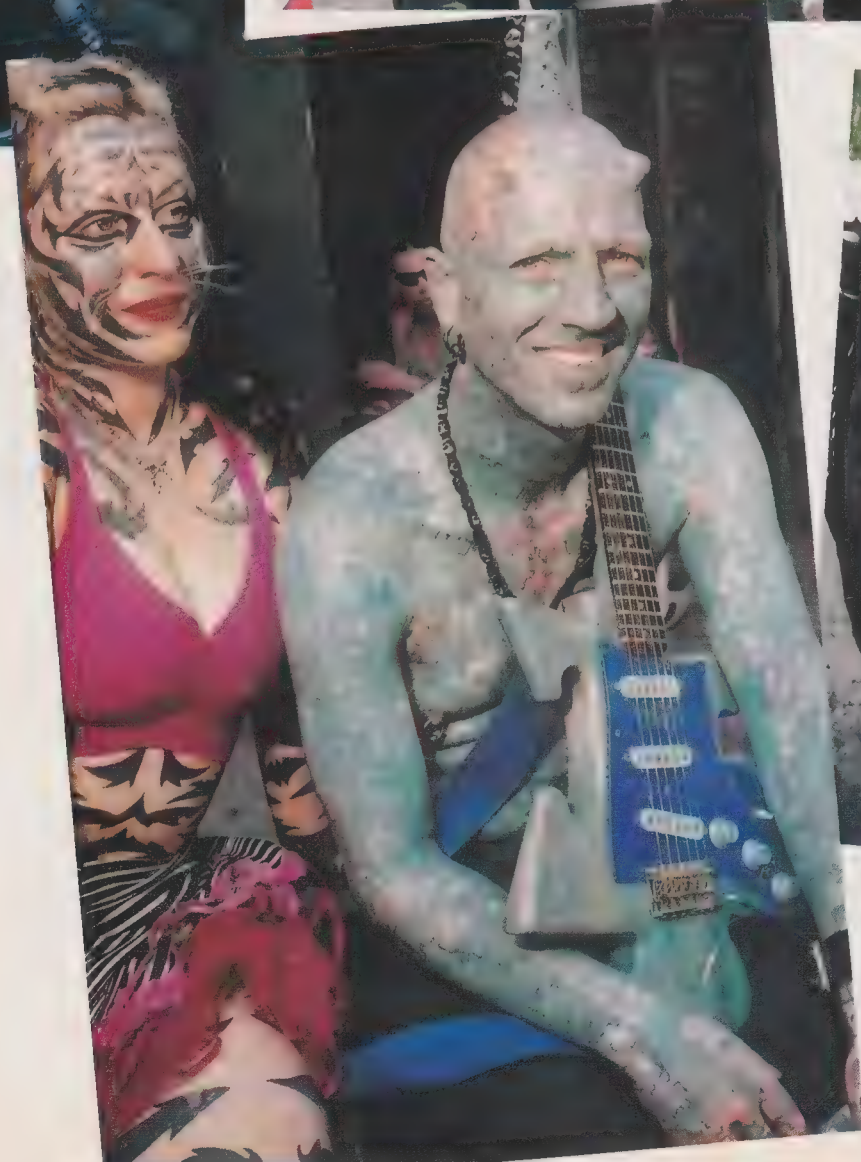
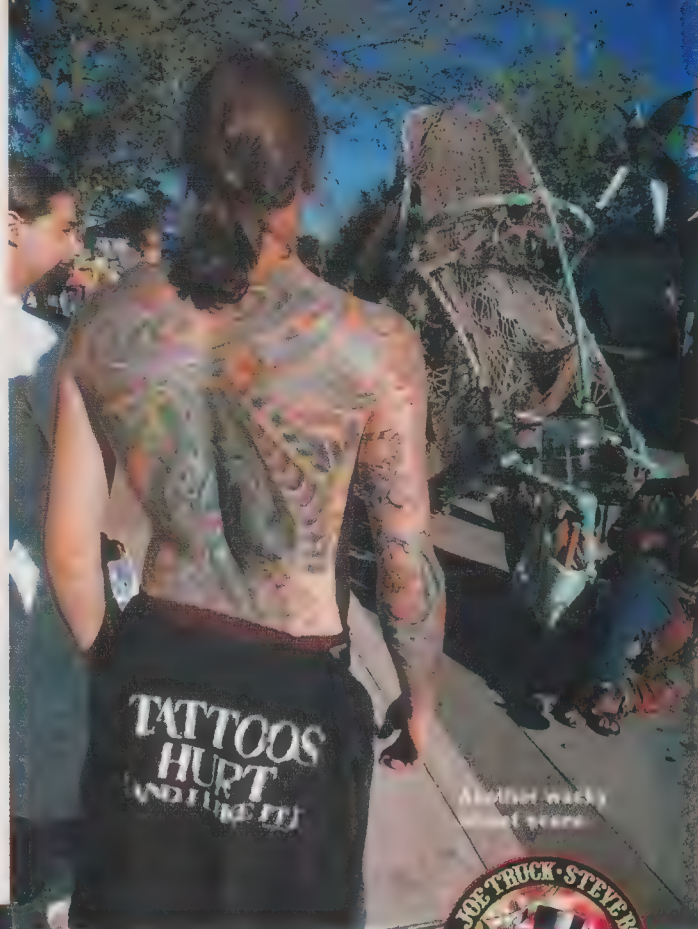
Christina proved to be a joy and worth the walk. I clicked off a few snapshots while waiting for the authors to show up. They didn't, so I caught a lift from a friendly local guy who dropped me at the other side of town, in front of the Landau Grill. This was another of the weekend's tattoo locations. Fortunately, the back room, which housed a busy, if somewhat cramped tattooing area, had a fine and efficient bar. And just in time.

Sipping a cold local brew on the front deck along with some tattooed folk who

THE FIRST-EVER WOODSTOCK TATTOO & BODY ARTS FESTIVAL



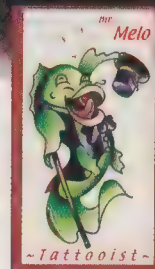
Pregnant, hennaed
Lisa Poggi was due
that week!
Bikes for days.



Katzan and Enigma
take a performance
break, left. Diane and
Blaze, above, her
tattoos by Phil Luck
and Chris Torres.



Festival organizer Bruce Bart, left; three of Woodstock's finest, above; some serious tattoo judging, below.



A couple of contest awards, displayed by Jennifer Nichols and Matty, above.

were busy watching other tattooed folks walk by, I planned my next move. Checking the map again, it looked like I was near the Woodstock Playhouse, where I could find music, food and tattoo judging. So, down the road I went.

On the way, I ran into Deno Torres and Michelle Rameriz, a couple from my old neighborhood in the Bronx, and Mark the Snake Guy. Deno runs his own shop. Mark carries around a snake. The weekend was looking up.

THE GEM IN CHANCE

I finally came face-to-face with organizer Bruce Bart at the Woodstock Playhouse. We'd been in touch by phone over the previous months, but this was our first meeting. He was easy enough to spot: walkie-talkie in one hand, the other outstretched and constantly pointing, waving or shaking someone's hand. Clearly, Bruce managed to clone himself for the event. He seemed to be everywhere at once. Before he slipped away, I took a quick few shots, then off to the contest. But the contest wasn't happening just yet. Instead, a

band was seriously challenging the limits of the sound system. Another delay in the schedule. This was, I would soon learn, one of the event's ongoing problems. More about that later.

Next, it was down the road to Legend's, yet another restaurant/bar turned tattoo venue. SKIN & INK's own Matty Jankowski had a booth set up at the entrance. His lovely assistants were busy selling a tremendous selection of tattoo books, and a dozen artists were at work in the former dining area. The sound of the tattoo machines was drowned out by the music of yet another band playing just a few feet away. I couldn't resist Kimberly's adorned derriere or Jen's winsome eyes. Ah, shades of the Woodstock I remember!

By now, I figured out how the shuttle-bus system worked, which meant I had to hike back up the hill (why is it always up hill?) to the Woodstock Playhouse. One hassle with the system was that buses were only allowed to stop at designated tattoo sites around town. Local police insisted on this, in order to reduce traffic congestion. That was the intent, but the result was you

couldn't flag down a bus if you were marooned between stops. Because of that, we ended up wondering if it was worth waiting for a bus or setting off on foot.

Since I had no idea where Woodstock Harley Davidson was located, I hopped a bus that was headed in what I thought was that general direction. I got lucky, since it was several miles and a 20-minute ride out of town. I even saw a deer along the way. But it was worth the trip to what had to be the greatest of all the Festival locations that weekend.

THE SHOW

The bus dropped me in front of an impressive showroom with dozens of kick-ass, gleaming hogs lined up out front. The way it was set up, you had to pass by the racks of Harley clothes and showcases of Harley gear to get to the tattoo booths, set up adjacent to the service area. With booths on one side, custom bikes being worked on across the way, we are talking an album cover here!

Out back in the parking lot, they had set up a large stage complete with lights and

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The Sunday Drum Circle, above; Kimberly, Andrea and friends, right; John Michelotti produced the Flag of Honor for Spider Webb's 9/11 tribute show, below.



a great sound system. Bands performed throughout the weekend. Unfortunately, this turned out to be the least visited of all the weekend locales. Most likely, it was the distance from town that did it in. Musicians played to a near empty parking lot and working artists left with serious complaints about the sparse attendance.

From this point on, events followed events and my notes got sort of jumbled. But I do recall there were several body-piercing suspensions. This was my first chance to see this close up. I still don't get suspensions. Seeing a lovely young lady with large hooks stuck through the flesh of her back, then watching her hauled up into the air is, simply, not a turn-on for me. A number of viewers looked away. One even seemed like he was going to pass out. On the other hand, lovely Kristen, the suspended lady, appeared blissed out. Guess them endorphins is powerful stuff. I talked to her the next day and her only complaint was a bit of muscle soreness. Well, okay.

One of the highlights of the festival was the art gallery events that blended with



the rest of the weekend. Here was a chance to see the cre-

ative work of some of the most important and influential artists in the tattoo world. It is hard to go to a tattoo convention or open a tattoo magazine without seeing the bio-mechanical work of Swiss artist H.R. Giger, but how often do you get the chance to see an entire gallery of his original work? Absolutely mind blowing! The show's curator, Les Barany, would also serve as a judge in the competition for (dig this) the best Giger Tattoo.

The Hawthorn Gallery, set in a beautiful, old two-story building, had a show of 30 artists dubbed the Modern Art Visionary Exhibit. Among the familiar names here were Bill DeMichelle, Dragonfly and Paul Booth. And then there was the show at Woodstock's Town Hall. Remember, this was the same town that balked at the music festival in 1969. Well, this time the Town Hall housed Spider Webb's 9/11 Memorial Exhibit, complete with a bag-piper out front!

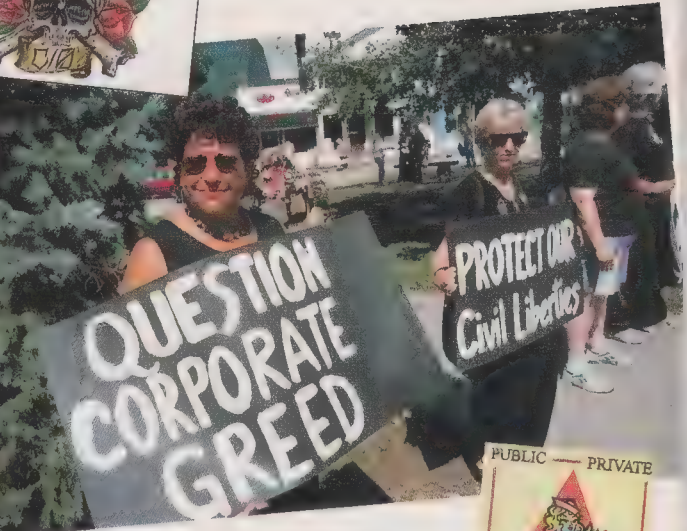
Webb's prolific body of work covered the entire hall. Sketches, banners, paintings, photographs and the eclectic assemblages of this unpredictable artist were every-

where. We usually get to see a few bits and pieces of his work at other shows, but this exhibit was something else altogether. To top it off, I happened to be there when John Michelotti walked in and gave Spider a Flag of Honor, an American flag he had produced that incorporated the names of everyone who had died in the attack on 9/11. Even Spider, the eternal self-promoter, was speechless.

The Mountain View Studios was another building filled with artists. According to the map, I could find it across the road from the Colony Cafe. What wasn't clear was that, first, I had to walk across a parking lot and then take a path through some woods to get to the place. I am a city boy, so this took a couple of tries. But it was worth the trek. Among the artists working there, I found Jack Jiang displaying an exquisite array of his art work and calligraphy. As I walked by his table, he called me over and proceeded to draw a set of personalized *kanji*.

"This is your chop," he said, as he handed me the freshly-inked card. He explained that he had drawn the words for *camera*, *picture* and *artist*. A new rubber stamp will soon mark the back of my photographs!

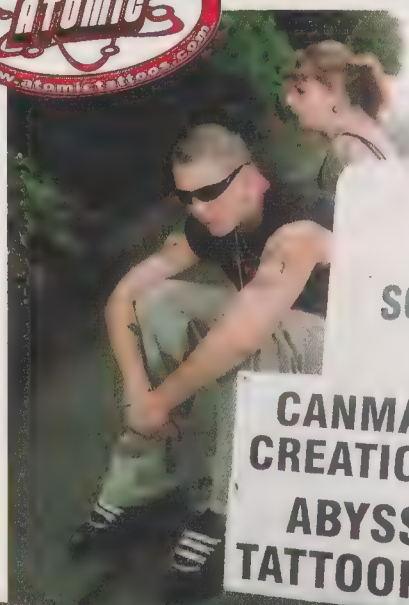
Back across the road to the Colony



An ongoing peace vigil on Village Green, above. Sign outside one of the tattooing venues, below.



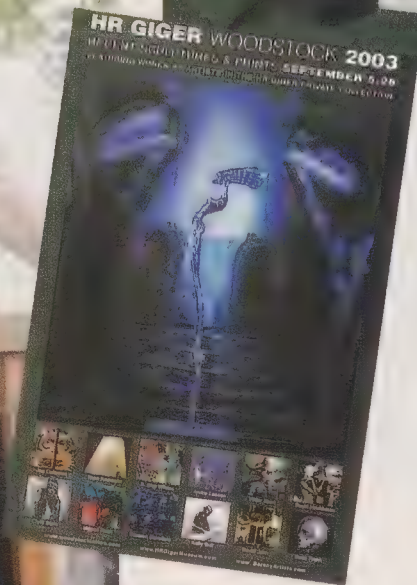
Artists Jeroen, Hanz and Seyto of Yugen Tattoo, Holland, above; Grounded performing at the Colony, one of five ongoing tattoo/music venues, left; a couple of local lovelies, below.



SOLID STATE TATTOO

CANMAN CREATIONS
ABYSS TATTOOING

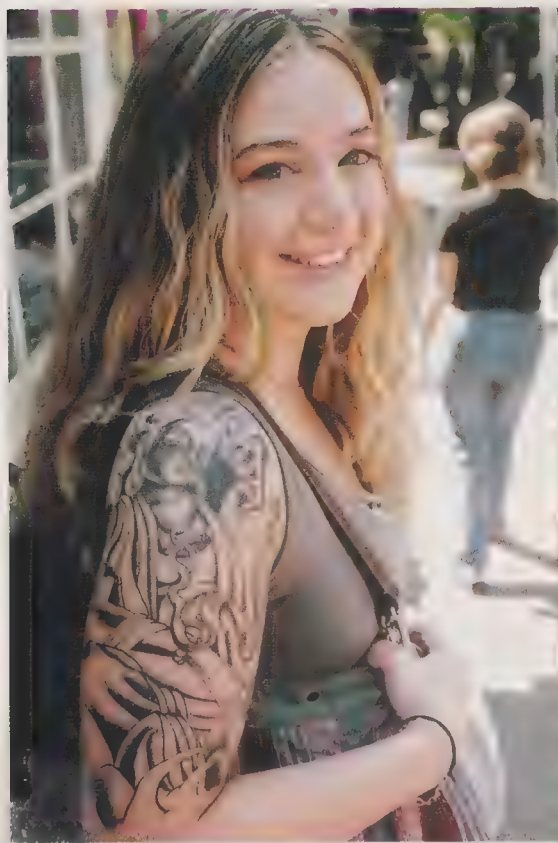
WICKED MYSTIC ART STUDIO
INK TRIBE



Artist Canman applies a transfer, right; a flyer for the H.R. Giger show, left.



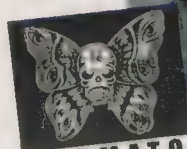
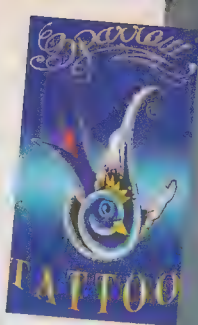
THE FIRST-EVER WOODSTOCK TATTOO & BODY ARTS FESTIVAL



If ever there was a face destined to break a long string of hearts, it has to be Kasie, above. On her arm is the work of artist Benjamin Mannarino.



Mary's tattoos, left, by Dylan Weeks.



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Music at Woodstock Harley-Davidson, above. Mark, the Snake-Guy, below.





**A delectable threesome:
Artist Tanya G. at
work on Stephanie Henry.**



Cafe. From what I was told, this place had been a hotel some time back and was recently resurrected as a local performance space. For the tattoo festival weekend, it served as workplace for a lot of artists along with being pretty much a nonstop music venue. By Saturday night, the bar was packed, the music too loud (of course) and the artists closest to the stage were packing up.

At the Woodstock Playhouse, Katzen and Enigma were doing a routine on stage that involved electric guitars, hammers and spikes, power tools and showers of sparks.

I ended the night back at the Varga Gallery, looking for yet another book signing—with yet another no-show author! But it wasn't a total loss. I shared a libation with Christina and some of her friends before making my way back to the bed & breakfast that was home for the weekend.

Clearly, this was one of the most ambitious tattoo events ever mounted. The scope of it, the number and diversity of the venues was unlike anything anyone had ever tried. And like any new event, there were parts that worked and some that fell short of expectations.

THE MUSIC SCENE

Shades of the Woodstock legend, an outdoor concert was planned in a field at the edge of town on Saturday evening. With a separate admission of \$20, it just never happened. I waited around for an hour past the time it was set to begin, but only a handful of people showed up.

But there sure as hell was music! Remember, the program listed 48 bands! Now, I don't know for sure if all of them appeared, but throughout the weekend, there was never a lack of live music. Or a range of talent. Many of the groups sounded as if they had met for the first time as they walked on stage—and, from the looks of things, had taken an instant dislike to each other! Yet, what some lacked in talent, they made up in volume. To be honest, it wasn't all bad. There were several bands worth lis-

tening to, but in any case, they were mainly background to the main event, tattooing. Given the small size of some of the rooms, a band performing just a few feet from the tattoo booths was not the best possible situation.

And while music is, and always should be, an integral part of tattoo events, it was easy to O.D. on the nonstop scheduling. As one participant put it, "It was like going restaurant for a business lunch then going home, changing and coming right back to the same restaurant to party. It sort of loosens something."

Some artists did complain a bit, but much of that had to do with their assigned locations. At venues like the Colony and the Landau Grill, there were some gripes about working in really tight spaces. But these same places also had the biggest crowds and the busiest artists!

Those with space at Woodstock Harley-Davidson bemoaned the lack of people who made it out, but I heard the same complaint from some of the artists set up at Joshua's, a restaurant practically in the center of town. Attendance was also low at the Mountainview Studio building because, in spite of the signs, the place was a bitch to find.

Another problem was the distance between the locations. If you were "just looking," it could take you most of day to visit all the buildings and artists who were working there. For artists who came hoping to make their money on drop-in customers, it worked both ways. Some people found artists they liked in one area and had work done. Other potential clients told me they had wandered around, and by the time they had decided on just who and what they wanted done, their artist of choice was booked.

One of the bright spots was the shuttle buses. Special thanks to all the cheerful drivers, but, to be truthful, it took most visitors some time to figure just how it all worked.

SO MANY SO LITTLE TIME

Regrettably, I missed out on certain events, because I couldn't get to them in time or, more often, because they didn't happen when the program said they would. Most regretted example: I had arranged to photograph the winner of the Giger Tattoo Contest with the Giger-designed Award sitting in one of Giger's chairs at the Gallery housing the Giger exhibit. A winner, right? Wrong! The Contest was set for 2 p.m. on Sunday, and I had to leave by 5:30 to catch the last bus to New York.

I have no idea of what the total number of attendees was, but it seemed like everywhere you looked there were lots of wrist-banded tattooed folks. On the other hand, there was never a sense of a large crowd anywhere—well, maybe at the bar at the Colony on Saturday night. Anyway, there was a lack of the usual frenetic activity you see at big name tattoo conventions. But, on the plus side, I found the overall mood of the weekend refreshingly laid back. Some people might have found laid back to be less than desirable at such a gathering, but I enjoyed it. Different strokes, as they say.

Hindsight is easy and, perhaps, some problems could have been solved by setting up events within sight and walking distance of each other. But then, it would not have been as big a blowout of a program. Okay, so maybe they could have eliminated some of the more far-flung locales and concentrated things more in the center of town. Knowing the brilliant and dedicated Mr. Bart, I'm sure he's busy making plans as we speak. After all, first time or not, Bruce Bart and company pulled off what can only be called, a true landmark event in tattoo history! ●

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING NEWS REPORTS OUT OF BRITAIN lately that the "would be" sport of fox hunting may be banned. The government, which has been debating this issue for several years, is now considering a full ban by the year 2005.

Typically, fox hunting is often viewed as a traditional British activity. Hunting with hounds takes place all over the world, and in Britain it has gone on for more than two centuries. To many folks, it is a social rite. Historically, wherever the British have built new empires, they have taken the fox hunt, or a close approximation of the field sport, with them. They have even used the argument that the sport of fox hunting is a practical means of controlling the population of an animal that is notorious for raiding hen houses, killing lambs and destroying pheasant!

The opponents of fox hunting and other so-called blood sports have fought to outlaw these sports for years, claiming it to be a brutal throwback to an earlier age. A friendly Labor government in power has promised a free parliamentary vote on the bill to ban hunting, which Tony Blair has described as nothing short of barbaric, and stated that his vote would be cast in favor of a ban. The League Against Cruel Sports is both arguing in favor of protection for the dogs. Unwanted puppies and young dogs that fail to make the grade as hunters are shot and seasoned dogs that can no longer keep up with the pack are routinely killed. Clearly they have an appalling record of caring for these animals.

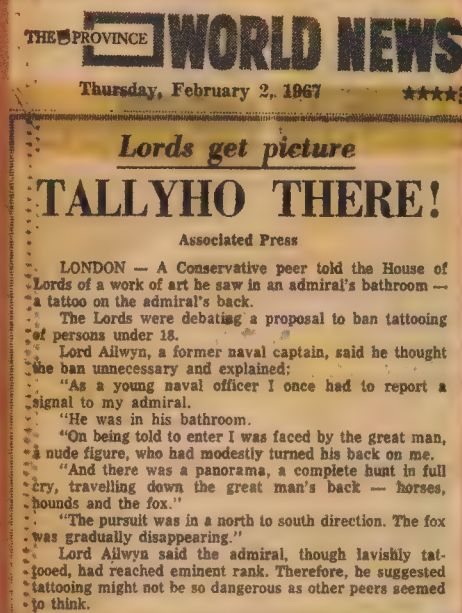
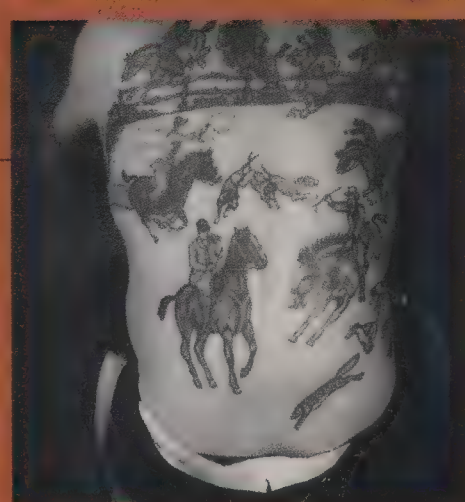
This ban is often seen as a class battle between the upper and the working classes. This very threat of legislation has rallied people in a big way. In 1997, 100,000 proponents of the fox hunt protested peacefully in London's Hyde Park. Bill Reid, a hunter and master of the hounds for the Vale of the White Horse, was quoted as saying, "I go hunting because I enjoy it. I enjoy watching the hounds work. It is a magical thing. The old primal hunting instinct comes in. If I thought it would wipe out foxes, I would stop." This seems to be a common sentiment among hunters like Reid. Most hunters follow the hunt on horseback, but in recent years a growing number resort to cars, bicycles or walking.

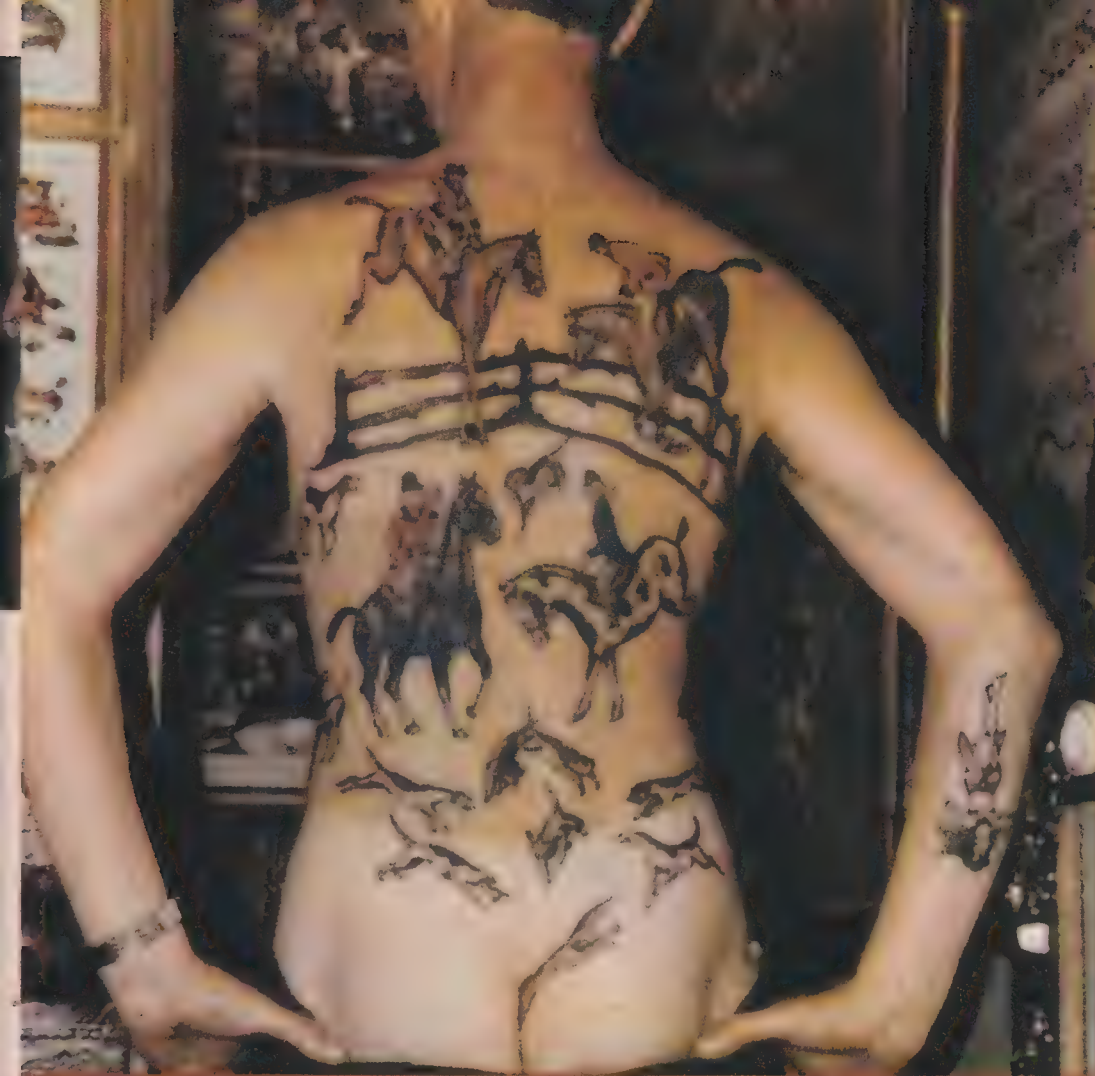
What has all this to do with the history of tattooing? The foxhunt backpiece is a classic design in the tattoo world. Many versions of this design have been done through the years and most consider it English. On the top of the back are the riders on horse back, while down the middle of the back the packs of hounds are chasing a fox that can only be seen by it's tail sticking out of the crack of the wearer's butt.

—C.W. Eldridge

Tattoo Archive
Berkeley, California
E-mail: tattoo@dnai

FOX HUNTING





GEORGE'S RICHARD



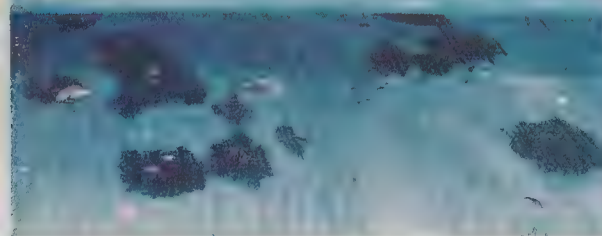
Clockwise from above:
Advertising poster from 1900
by H. Gray; backpiece, 1960s,
artist unknown; a classic
fox-hunting painting from the
1940s, artist unknown;
backpiece, 1960s,
artist unknown; 1960s
article 1967; two leg Soap
backpiece, 1970s.



tattoo artists & their rides



J.P. POSES WITH HIS RAD CUTLASS IN FRONT OF THE SHOP. LEAKAGE EVIDENCE BELOW, ALONG WITH SOME SAMPLES OF J.P.'S WORK.



LOVIN' THE LEAKS IN BUSH COUNTRY

My name is J.P. Morin. I have been tattooing for about seven years, the past couple at Pair O' Dice Tattoos in Dallas, Texas. The car is an old 1967 Oldsmobile Cutlass grocery-getter. It has the original 330 small block (complete with oil leaks) and a three-speed manual transmission. The main add-ons include duel exhaust, an HEI distributor, a CD player, a couple of dents and a shit-load of miles. Fluid leaks aside, it's probably the most reliable vehicle I've ever owned.

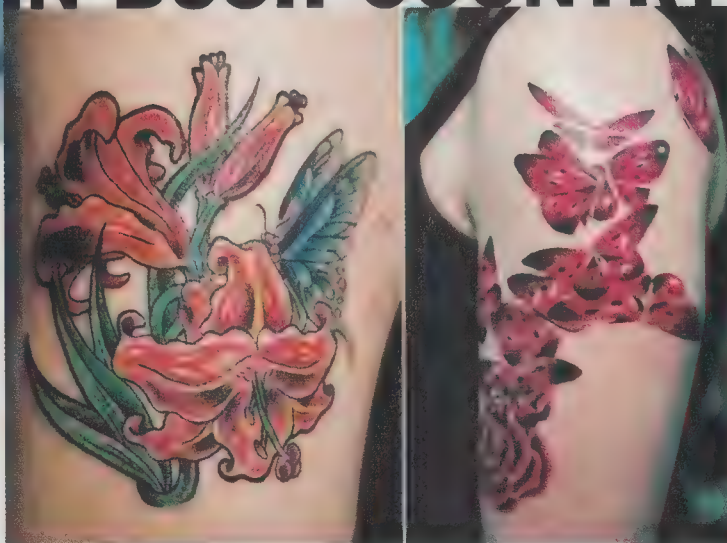
—J.P. Morin

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Tough, yeah, we know your pulsating chariot can lay rubber a mile long, but what the heck does she look like? How ya gonna build your personal legend if you keep the beastie locked away behind garage doors? There's a simple solution: Take a snapshot of that ferid transportation, another of your beautiful mug—and don't forget to include some photos of the tattoo work you're famous for. Slip them and your business card or shop sticker into an envelope and address it to Automotive Editor c/o Skin & Ink, P.O. Box 1069, Pasadena, CA 91102. The rest of life should be this easy.

Readers' Gallery

THE FLASH ISSUE

Want us to publish what you have done unto others or what they have done unto you? Send your photos with a SASE (if you want them returned) to SKIN & INK, P.O.Box 1069, Pasadena, CA 91102.

Can't find your tattoo photo in the *Readers' Gallery*? Check out our Web site, www.skinandink.com. You'll find lots more reader photos there!



FLASH BY MIKE PIKE.

Readers' Gallery

FLASH BY
ERIC PERFECT,
KADILLAC TATTOO,



FLASH BY
TIM KERN,
LAST RITES TATTOO,
2001.





FLASH BY
NATE SPONSER,
2002.



FLASH BY
MARIO DESA,
CHICAGO, 2002.

Readers' Gallery





Readers' Gallery

FLASH BY
MARSHALL,
LAST RITES TATTOO,
2003.



FLASH BY
LIOCIFER,
LAST RITES TATTOO,
2001.





FLASH BY
ED HARDY,
VANCOUVER,
1986.



FLASH BY
UNCLE TIM,
2002.

Readers' Gallery

FLASH BY
MR. LUCKY.



FLASH BY
MIKE PIKE.





FLASH BY JOEL LONG, BOLDER INK, BOULDER, COLORADO.

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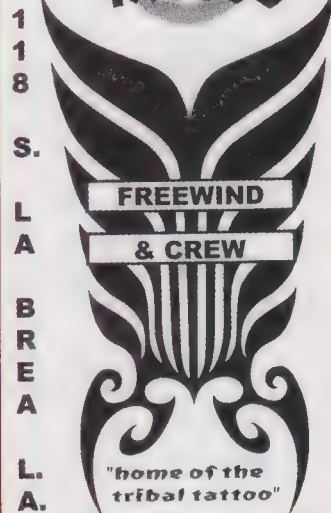
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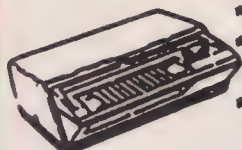
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THE ADVENTURES OF...

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CHAPTER 2

BLITZ
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CHASED BY BLACKCLAW'S PATROL CRUISERS, CAPPY'S SHIP LA REINA ROSA FOUND AN UNKNOWN PLANET WITH VAST CAVERNS TO HIDE IN... BUT THE MUDMEN LIVE HERE... AND THEY'VE FOUND OUR FRIENDS...

WE'RE SCREWED, THOSE GUYS ARE REAL BIG, I GUESS WE'RE BUSTED. HOW WE GONNA GET OUTA THIS WITHOUT A HELL OF A FIGHT?

WHERE THEY TAKIN' US?



THE CITY... TALKING TO THE FOREMAN...

THANKS MAN! THOUT A LITTLE DOPE LIFE GETS REAL DULL ON BLACKCLAW'S PRISON PLANET.

PRISON PLANET! DOPE?!

MARWEED! YOU'VE GOT JIMMY C'S SHIP... SO, YOU DOIN' HIS ROUTE NOW?

WEED? WHAT WEED?!!



THE 3 TONS YOUR SHIP DELIVERED.

DID WHAT!!!

COME ON MAN! WHY ELSE YOU HERE?

BLACKCLAW'S BOYS WERE CHASIN' US...



RIGHTEOUS TATTOOS, MAN! WHO DID 'EM? DOES IT HURT? HOW MUCH DO THEY COST?

COULD YOU TATTOO US?



UH... YEAH... SURE WE COULD.

ME & MY BIG MOUTH... HOW THE HELL WE GONNA TATTOO MUDMEN??



MUD... CLAY... REMEMBER THAT CERAMICS CLASS YOU TOOK?



...AND ALL THOSE GLAZES YOU MADE?

IN MY COMPUTER, GLAZE FORMULAS AND ALL.



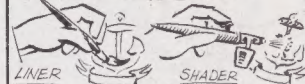
OK, SO WE TATTOO 'EM LIKE YOU'D GLAZE A PLATE OR DECORATE TILES.

NATURAL GEOLOGISTS, THE MUDMEN PROVIDE ALL OF THE MINERALS AND OXIDES NEEDED FOR CERAMIC GLAZES.

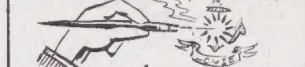


THE PLAN...

INGREDIENTS ARE MIXED W/WATER, THEN BRUSHED OR AIRBRUSHED ON...

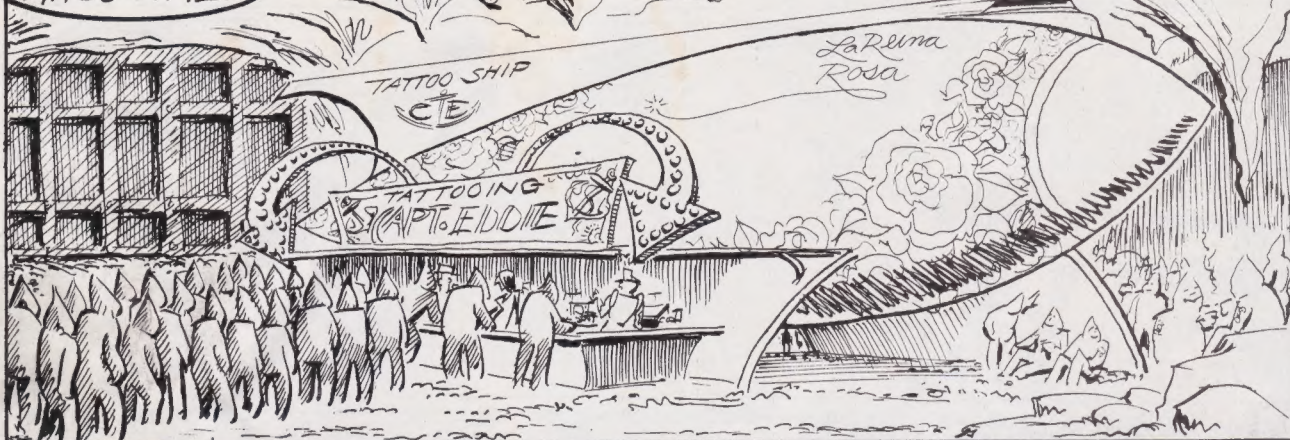


THEN, IT'S "FIRED" AND FUSED TO THE CLAY-LIKE SKIN WITH A LASER PEN.



BINGO! TATTOOS FOR MUDMEN!

TATTOO TIME!



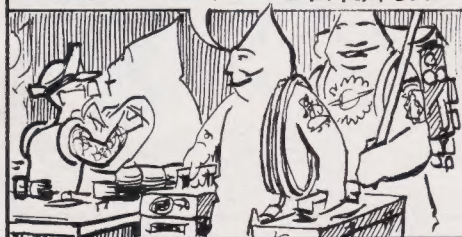
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OWWWW! THAT HURTS!!!

IF IT DONT HURT, YA AINT TATTOOED.

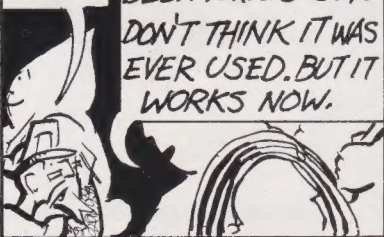
LATER... CAPPY, WE TUNED UP YER SHIP, LA REINA'S RUNNIN' STRONG, OH, YEAH... WE TURNED HER VOICE BACK ON.



VOICE? WHAT KINDA VOICE?

YOUR SHIPS COMPUTER IS VOICE INTERACTIVE. BEEN TURNED OFF.

DON'T THINK IT WAS EVER USED. BUT IT WORKS NOW.



SO, ROSIE CAN TALK! GREAT! GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR HER: WHO ARE THESE GUYS? HOW WE GONNA GET HOME? AND WHERE'D ALL THAT WEED COME FROM?



TO BE CONTINUED...

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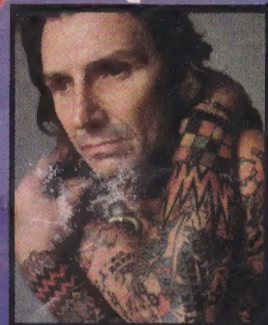
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